A COLLECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS.

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A

COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS and HYMNS.

PSALM I.

1 BLEST is the Man, and none but he,
Who walks not with ungodly Men,
Nor ſtands their evil Deeds to ſee,
Nor ſits the Innocent to arraign,
The Perſecutor's Guilt to ſhare,
Oppreſſive in the Scorner's Chair.

2 Obedience is his pure Delight,
To do the Pleaſure of his LORD:
His Exerciſe by Day and Night
To ſearch his Soul-converting Word,
The Law of Liberty to prove,
The perfect Law of Life and Love.

3 Faſt by the Streams of Paradiſe
He as a pleaſant Plant ſhall grow:
The Tree of Righteouſneſs ſhall riſe,
And all his blooming Honours ſhew,
Spread out his Boughs, and flouriſh fair,
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.

4 His verdant Leaf ſhall never Fade,
His Works of Faith ſhall never ceaſe,
His happy Toil ſhall all ſucceed
Whom GOD himſelf delights to bleſs:
But no Succeſs th' Ungodly find,
Scatter'd like Chaff before the Wind.

5 No Portion and no Place have they
With thoſe whom GOD vouchſafes t'approve:
Caſt in the dreadful Judgment-Day,
Who trample on their Saviour's Love,
Who here their Bleeding LORD deny,
Shall periſh, and for ever die.

PSALM II.

1 WHY do the *Jews* and *Gentiles* join
To execute a vain Deſign,
Idly their utmoſt Powers engage,
And ſtorm with unavailing Rage?

2 Earth's haughty Kings their LORD oppoſe,
The Rulers liſt themſelves his Foes,
To fight againſt their GOD agree,
And ſlay th' incarnate Deity:

3 As ſworn their Maker to dethrone,
And JESUS his anointed Son,
To riſe from all Subjection freed,
And reign Almighty in his ſtead.

4 The LORD that calmly ſits above
Enthron'd in everlaſting Love,
Shall all their feeble Threats deride,
And laugh to Scorn their furious Pride.

5 Then ſhall He in his Wrath addreſs,
And vex his baffled Enemies,
Yet I have glorified my Son,
And plac'd him on his Father's Throne.

6 Conqueror of Sin and Death and Hell
He reigns a Prince Invincible,
All Power is now to JESUS given,
Triumphant on the Hill of Heaven.

7 I publiſh the Divine Decree,
That all ſhall live who truſt in Me:
Look unto Me ye Ranſom'd Race,
Believe, and ye are ſav'd by Grace.

8 I heard my gracious Father ſay,
Thou art my Son, on this glad Day
Thou art declar'd my Son, with Power,
Rais'd from the Dead to die no more.

9 Aſk, and the *Gentile* World receive,
All, All I to thy Prayer will give,
So dearly bought with Blood Divine,
Lo! every Soul of Man is thine.

10 Whoe'er withſtand a Pard'ning GOD
Shall groan beneath thine Iron Rod,
Whoe'er their Advocate repel,
The Anger of their Judge ſhall feel.

11 Wherefore to Him ye Kings ſubmit,
Be wiſe to fall, and kiſs his Feet,
With awful Joy revere his Sway,
Ye Rulers of the Earth obey.

12 Worſhip the Co-eternal Son,
Leſt you in Anger he diſown,
His Light with-hold, his Grace deny,
And leave you in your Sins to die.

13 Thrice happy all who truſt in Him,
All-good, almighty to redeem;
They only ſhall his Mercy prove,
Lov'd with an everlaſting Love.

PSALM III.

1 SEE O LORD, my Foes increaſe,
Mark the Troubles of my Peace,
Fiercely 'gainſt my Soul they riſe,
"Heaven, they ſay, its Help denies,
"Help he ſeeks from GOD in vain,
"GOD hath given Him up to Man."

2 But Thou art a Shield for me,
Succour ſtill I find in Thee,
Now Thou lifteſt up my Head,
Now I glory in thine Aid,
Confident in thy Defence,
Strong in thine Omnipotence.

3 To the LORD I cried; the Cry
Brought my Helper from the Sky;
By my kind Protector kept,
Safe I laid me down and ſlept,
Slept within his Arms, and roſe;
Bleſt Him for the calm Repoſe.

4 Kept by Him, I cannot fear
Sin, the World, or Satan near,
All their Hoſt my Soul defies:
LORD, in my Behalf ariſe,
Save me, for in Faith I call,
Save me, O my GOD, from all.

5 Thou haſt ſav'd me heretofore,
Thou haſt quell'd the adverſe Power,
Pluck'd me from the Jaws of Death,
Broke the roaring Lion's Teeth,
Still from all my Foes defend,
Save me, ſave me to the End.

6 Thine it is, O LORD, to ſave;
Strength in Thee thy People have,
Safe from Sin in thee they reſt,
With the Goſpel-Bleſſing bleſt,
Wait to ſee the perfect Grace
Heaven on Earth in JESU's Face.

PSALM IV.

1 GOD of my Righteouſneſs,
Thy humble Suppliant hear,
Thou haſt reliev'd me in Diſtreſs,
And Thou art always near.
Again thy Mercy ſhew,
The peaceful Anſwer ſend,
Aſſuage my Grief, relieve my Woe,
And bid my Troubles end.

2 How long, ye Sons of Men,
Will ye blaſpheme aloud,
My Honour wrong, my Glory ſtain,
And villify my GOD?

How

How long will ye delight
In Vanity and Vice,
Madly againſt the Righteous fight
And follow after Lies!

3 Know, for Himſelf the LORD
Hath ſurely ſet apart
The Man that trembles at his Word,
The Man of upright Heart:
And when to Him I pray,
He promiſes to hear,
And help me in my evil Day,
And anſwer all my Prayer.

4 Ye Sinners, ſtand in Awe,
And from your Sins depart,
Out of the evil World withdraw,
And commune with your Heart:
In thinking of his Love
Be Day and Night employ'd,
Be ſtill; nor in his Preſence move,
But wait upon your GOD.

5 Offer your Prayer and Praiſe,
Which He will not deſpiſe,
Thro' JESUS CHRIST your Righteouſneſs
Accepted Sacrifice.
Offer your Heart's Deſires;
But truſt in Him alone,
Who gives whatever He requires,
And freely ſaves his Own.

6 The World with fruitleſs Pain
Seek Happineſs below,
What Man, (they aſk, but all in vain)
The long-ſought Good will ſhew?
The Brightneſs of thy Face
Give us, O LORD, to ſee,
Glory on Earth begun in Grace,
And Happineſs in Thee.

7 Thou haſt on me beſtow'd
All-gracious as Thou art,
The Taſte Divine, the ſovereign Good,
And fix'd it in my Heart:

Above all earthly Bliss,
The Sense of Sin Forgiven,
The hidden Joy, the mistic Peace,
The Antepast of Heaven.

8 Of Gospel-peace possest,
Secure in thy Defence,
Now, Lord, within thy Arms I rest,
And who shall pluck me thence?
Nor Sin, nor Earth, nor Hell,
Shall ever more remove,
When All-renew'd in Thee I dwell,
And perfected in Love.

Psalm V.

1 O Lord, incline thy gracious Ear,
My plaintive Sorrows weigh,
To Thee for Succour I draw near,
To Thee I humbly pray.
Still will I call with lifted Eyes,
Come, O my God, and King,
Till Thou regard my ceaseless Cries,
And full Deliverance bring.

2 On Thee, O God of Purity,
I wait for hallowing Grace;
None without Holiness shall see
The Glories of thy Face:
In Souls unholy and unclean
Thou never canst delight;
Nor shall they, while unsav'd from Sin,
Appear before thy Sight.

3 Thou hatest all that Evil do,
Or speak Iniquity,
The Hearts unkind, and Hearts untrue
Are both abhorr'd by Thee.
The greatest and minutest Fault
Shall find its fearful Doom,
Sinners in Deed, or Word, or Thought
Thou surely shall consume.

4 But

4 But as for me, with humble Fear
I will approach thy Gate,
Tho' moſt unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy Courts to wait:
I truſt in thy unbounden Grace
To all ſo freely given,
And worſhip t'ward thy holy Place,
And lift my Soul to Heaven.

5 Lead me in all thy righteous Ways,
Nor ſuffer me to ſlide,
Point out the Path before my Face;
My God be Thou my Guide.
The cruel Power, the guileful Art
Of all my Foes ſuppreſs,
Whoſe Throat an open Grave, whoſe Heart
Is deſperate Wickedneſs.

6 Thou, Lord, ſhall drive them from thy Face,
And finally conſume,
Thy Wrath on the rebellious Race
Shall to the utmoſt come.
But all who put their Truſt in Thee,
Thy Mercy ſhall proclaim,
And ſing with chearful Melody,
Their dear Redeemer's Name.

7 Protected by thy guardian Grace
They ſhall extol thy Power,
Rejoice, give Thanks, and ſhout thy Praiſe,
And triumph evermore.
They never ſhall to Evil yield,
Defended from above,
And kept, and cover'd with the Shield
Of thine Almighty Love.

Psalm VI.

1 LORD, in thy Wrath no more chaſtize,
Nor let thy whole Diſpleaſure riſe
Againſt a Child of Man:
Have Mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
And heal my Soul diſeas'd and ſick,
And full of Sin and Pain.

2 Body and Soul thy Judgments feel,
Thy heavy Wrath afflicts me ſtill:
O when ſhall it be o'er!
Turn Thee, O LORD, and ſave my Soul,
And for thy Mercy Sake make whole,
And bid me ſin no more.

3 Here, only here thy Love muſt ſave;
I cannot thank Thee in the Grave,
Or tell thy Pard'ning Grace:
Who dies unpurg'd for ever dies,
The Sinner, as he falls, he lies
Shut up in his own Place.

4 Weary of my unanſwer'd Groans;
Yet ſtill with never-ceaſing Moans
I languiſh for Relief,
With Tears I waſh my couch and Bed,
My Strength is ſpent, my Beauty fled,
My Life worn out with Grief.

5 But ſhall I to my Foes give Place?
Or in the Name of JESUS, chaſe
My Troubles all away?
In JESU's Name, I ſay, depart
Devils and Sins; nor vex my Heart,
My GOD hath heard me pray.

6 The LORD hath heard my Groans and Tears,
The LORD ſhall ſtill accept my Prayers,
And all my Foes o'erthrow,
Shall conquer and deſtroy them too,
And make e'en me a Creature new,
A ſinleſs Saint below.

PSALM XIII.

1 HOW long wilt Thou forget me, LORD,
Wilt Thou for ever hide thy Face!
Leave me unchang'd, and unreſtor'd,
An Alien from the Life of Grace!

2 How long ſhall I enquire within,
And ſeek Thee in my Heart in vain,
Vex'd with the dire Remains of Sin,
Gall'd with the Tyrant's Iron Chain,

3 How long ſhall Satan's Rage prevail?
(I aſk Thee with a fault'ring Tongue)
See at thy Feet my Spirit fail,
And hear me feebly groan, How long!

4 Hear me, O LORD, my GOD, and weigh
My Sorrows in the Scale of Love,
Lighten mine Eyes, reſtore the Day,
The Darkneſs from my Soul remove.

5 Open my Faith's enlighten'd Eyes,
O ſnatch me from the Gulph beneath,
Save, or my gaſping Spirit dies,
Dies with an everlaſting Death.

6 Ah! ſuffer not my Foe to boaſt
His Vict'ry o'er a Child of Thine,
Nor let the proud *Philiſtine*'s Hoſt
In *Satan*'s helliſh Triumph join.

7 Will they not charge my Fall on Thee,
Will they not dare my GOD to blame?
My GOD forbid the Blaſphemy,
Be jealous for thy glorious Name.

8 Thou wilt, Thou wilt! my Hope returns;
A ſudden Sp'rit of Faith I feel,
My Heart in fervent Wiſhes burns,
And GOD ſhall there for ever dwell.

9 My Truſt is in thy gracious Power,
I glory in Salvation near,
Rejoice in Hope of that glad Hour
When perfect Love ſhall caſt out Fear.

10 I ſing the Goodneſs of the LORD,
The Goodneſs I experience now,
And ſtill I hang upon thy Word,
My Saviour to the utmoſt Thou.

11 Thy Love I ever ſhall proclaim
A Mon'ment of thy Mercy I,
And praiſe the mighty JESU's Name,
JESUS the LORD, the LORD moſt high.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1 AMIDST thy Wrath remember Love,
Reſtore thy Servant, LORD!
Nor let a Father's Chaſtning prove
Like an Avenger's Sword!

2 My Sins a heavy Burden are,
And o'er my Head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too great for me t' atone.

3 My Thoughts are like a troubled Sea,
My Head ſtill bending down;
And I go mourning all the Day,
Father, beneath thy Frown.

4 All my Deſire to Thee is known,
Thine Eye counts every Tear,
And every Sigh, and every Groan,
Is notic'd in thine Ear.

5 Thou art my GOD, my only Hope,
O hearken to my Cry;
O bear my fainting Spirits up,
When Satan bids me die.

6 LORD, I confeſs my Guilt to Thee,
I grieve for all my Sin;
My helpleſs Impotence I ſee,
And beg Support Divine.

7 O GOD, forgive my Follies paſt;
Be Thou for ever nigh!
O LORD of my Salvation haſte,
And ſave me, or I die!

PSALM LI.

1 O Thou that hear'ſt when Sinners cry,
Tho' all my Crimes before Thee lie,
Behold me not with angry Look,
But blot their Memory from thy Book.

2 Create

2 Create my Nature pure within,
And form my Soul averſe from Sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy Preſence from my Heart.

3 I cannot live without thy Light,
Caſt out and baniſh'd from thy Sight:
Thy ſaving Strength, O LORD, reſtore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, LORD,
His Help and Comfort ſtill afford:
And let a Wretch come near thy Throne
To plead the Merits of thy Son.

5 My Soul lies humbled in the Duſt,
And owns thy dreadful Sentence juſt:
Look down, O LORD, with pitying Eye,
And ſave the Soul condemn'd to die.

6 Then will I teach the World thy Ways;
Sinners ſhall learn thy ſovereign Grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's Blood,
And they ſhall praiſe a pard'ning GOD.

7 O may thy Love inſpire my Tongue,
Salvation ſhall be all my Song,
And all my Powers ſhall join to bleſs
The LORD, my Strength and Righteouſneſs.

The ſame.

1 GOD of unfathomable Love,
Whoſe Bowels of Compaſſion move
Towards *Adam*'s helpleſs Race,
See, at thy Feet, a Sinner ſee,
In tender Mercy look on me,
And all my Sins efface.

2 O let thy Love to me o'erflow,
Thy Multitude of Mercies ſhew,
Abundantly forgive;

Remove t' inſufferable Load,
Blot out my Sins with ſacred Blood,
And bid the Sinner live.

3 Take all the Power of Sin away,
Nor let in me its Being ſtay,
Mine inmoſt Soul convert,
Waſh me from all my Filth of Sin,
Come, LORD, and make me throughly clean,
Create me pure in Heart,

4 For O my Sins I now confeſs,
Bewail my deſperate Wickedneſs,
And ſue to be forgiven,
I have abus'd thy patient Grace,
I have provok'd Thee to thy Face,
And dar'd the Wrath of Heaven.

5 Thee only Thee have I defied:
Tho' all thy Wrath on me abide,
And my Damnation ſeal,
Tho' into outer Darkneſs thruſt,
I'll own the Puniſhment is juſt,
And clear my GOD in Hell.

6 Caſt in the Mould of Sin I am,
Corrupt throughout my ruin'd Frame,
My Eſſence all unclean,
My total Fall from GOD I mourn,
In Sin I was conceiv'd and born,
Whate'er I am is Sin.

7 But Thou requireſt all our Hearts,
Truth rooted in the inward Parts,
Unſpotted Purity;
And by thy Grace I humbly truſt,
To learn the Wiſdom of the Juſt,
In ſecret taught by Thee.

8 Surely Thou wilt the Grace impart,
Sprinkle the Blood upon my Heart,
Which did for Sinners flow,

The Blood that purges every Sin,
The Blood that ſoon ſhall waſh me clean,
And make me white as Snow.

9 Thou wilt the mournful Spirit chear,
And grant me once again to hear
Thy ſweet forgiving Voice,
That all my Bones and inmoſt Soul,
Broken by Thee, by Thee made whole,
May in thy Strength rejoice.

10 From my Miſdeeds avert thy Face,
The Strength of Sin by pard'ning Grace
Of all my Sin remove,
Forgive, O LORD, but change me too,
But perfectly my Soul renew
By ſanctifying Love.

11 My Wretchedneſs to Thee convert,
Give me an humble contrite Heart,
My fallen Soul reſtore,
Let me the Life Divine attain,
The Image of my GOD regain,
And never loſe it more.

12 Have Patience till by Thee renew'd
I live the ſinleſs Life of GOD;
Here let thy Spirit ſtay:
Tho' I have griev'd the gentle Dove,
Ah! do not quite withdraw thy Love,
Or take thy Grace away.

13 The Comfort of thy Help reſtore,
Aſſiſt me now as heretofore,
O lift Thou up my Head,
The Spirit of thy Power impart,
Stabliſh, and keep my faithful Heart,
And make me free indeed.

14 Then ſhall I teach the World thy Ways,
Thy Mercy mild and pard'ning Grace
For every Sinner free,

Till

Till Sinners to thy Grace ſubmit.
And fall at their Redeemer's Feet,
And weep, and love like me.

15 O might I weep, and love Thee now,
GOD of my Health, my Saviour Thou,
Thou only canſt releaſe.
My Soul from all Iniquity;
O ſpeak the Word, and ſet me free,
And bid me go in Peace.

16 So ſhall I ſing the Saviour's Name,
The Gift of Righteouſneſs proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming Grace:
Open my Lips, Almighty LORD,
That I thy Mercy may record,
And glory in thy Praiſe.

17 No Creature good doſt Thou deſire,
No coſtly Sacrifice require;
Thy Pleaſure is to give:
Thou only ſeekeſt me, not mine,
Thou wouldſt that I ſhould take of Thine,
Should all thy Grace receive.

18 A wounded Spirit, by Sin diſtreſt,
A broken Heart that pants for Reſt,
This is the Sacrifice
Well-pleaſing in the Sight of GOD;
A Sinner cruſh'd beneath his Load
Thou never wilt deſpiſe.

19 Then hear the contrite Sinner's Prayer,
And every ruin'd Soul repair,
Remember *Sion*'s Woe,
Shew forth thy ſanctifying Grace,
And for thyſelf vouchſafe to raiſe
A glorious Church below.

20 When Thou haſt ſeal'd thy People's Peace,
Their Sacrifice of Righteouſneſs,
Their Gifts Thou wilt approve,

Their every Thought, and Word, and Deed,
That from a living Faith proceed,
And all are wrought in Love.

21 Laid on the Altar of thy Son,
Pleaſing to Thee thro' CHRIST alone
The dear peculiar Race
Their grateful Sacrifice ſhall bring,
And hymn their Father, and their King,
In endleſs Songs of Praiſe.

PSALM LXIII.

1 GREAT GOD, indulge my humble Claim;
Be Thou my Hope, my Joy, my Reſt!
The Glories that compoſe thy Name,
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt.

2 Thou Great and Good, Thou Juſt and Wiſe,
Thou art my Father and my GOD!
And I am thine, by ſacred Ties,
Thy Son, thy Servant bought with Blood.

3 With Heart and Eyes and lifted Hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look;
As Travellers in thirſty Lands
Pant for the cooling Water-brook.

4 Even Life itſelf, without thy Love,
No laſting Pleaſure can afford;
Yea, 'twould a tireſome Burden prove,
If I were baniſh'd from Thee, LORD!

5 I'll lift my Hands, I'll raiſe my Voice,
While I have Breath to pray or praiſe;
This Work ſhall make my Heart rejoice,
And ſpend the Remnant of my Days.

PSALM LXXX.

(Adapted to the Church of England.)

1 SHEPHERD of Souls, the Great, the Good,
Who leadeſt *Iſrael* like a Sheep,
Preſent to guard, and give them Food,
And kindly in thy Boſom keep;

2 Hear thy afflicted People's Prayer,
Ariſe out of thy holy Place,
Stir up thy Strength, thine Arm make bare,
And vindicate thy choſen Race.

3 Haſte to our Help, thou GOD of Love,
Supreme Almighty King of Kings,
Deſcend all glorious from above,
Come flying on the Cherubs Wings.

4 Turn us again, O LORD, and ſhew
The Brightneſs of thy lovely Face,
So ſhall we all be Saints below,
And ſav'd, and perfected in Grace.

5 O LORD of Hoſts, O GOD of Grace,
How long ſhall thy fierce Anger burn
Againſt thine own peculiar Race,
Who ever pray Thee to return!

6 Thou giv'ſt us plenteous Draughts of Tears,
With Tears Thou doſt thy People feed,
We ſorrow till thy Face appears,
Affliction is our daily Bread.

7 A Striſe we are to All around,
By Vile inteſtine Vipers torn,
Our bitter Houſhold Foes abound,
And laugh our fallen Church to ſcorn.

8 Turn us again, O GOD, and ſhew
The Brightneſs of thy lovely Face,
So ſhall we all be Saints below,
And ſav'd, and perfected in Grace.

Surely

9 Surely, O Lord, we once were Thine,
(Thou haſt for us thy Wonders wrought)
A generous and right noble Vine,
When newly out of *Egypt* brought.

10 Thou did the Heathen Stock expel,
And chaſe them from their quiet Home,
Druids and all the Brood of Hell,
And Monks of Antichriſtian *Rome*.

11 Planted by thine Almighty Hand,
Water'd with Blood, the Vine took Root,
And ſpread throughout the happy Land,
And fill'd the Earth with golden Fruit.

12 The Hills were cover'd with her Shade,
Her branchy Arms extending wide,
Their fair luxuriant Honours ſpread,
And flouriſh'd as the Cedar's Pride.

13 Her Boughs ſhe ſtretch'd from Sea to Sea,
And reach'd to frozen *Scotia*'s Shore,
(They once rever'd the Hierarchy,
And bleſs'd the Miter's ſacred Power.)

14 Why then haſt Thou abhor'd thine own,
And caſt thy pleaſant Plant away;
Broke down her Hedge, her Fence o'erthrown,
And left her to the Beaſts of Prey?

15 All that go by pluck off her Grapes,
Our *Sion* of her Children ſpoil,
And Error in ten thouſand Shapes
Would every gracious Soul beguile.

16 The Boar out of the *German* Wood
Tears up her Roots with baleful Power;
The Lion roaring for his Food,
And all the Foreſt Beaſts devour.

17 Turn the again, O Lord our God,
Look down with Pity from above,
O lay aſide thy vengeful Rod,
And viſit us in pard'ning Love.

18 The Vineyard which thine own right Hand
Hath planted in theſe Nations lee ;
The Branch that roſe at thy Command,
And yielded gracious Fruit to Thee :

19 'Tis now cut down, and burnt with Fire,
Arm of the LORD, awake, awake,
Viſit thy Foes in righteous Ire,
Vengeance on all thy Haters take.

20 Look on them with thy flaming Eyes,
The ſin-conſuming Virtue dart ;
And bid our fallen Church ariſe,
And make us after thy own Heart.

21 To us our Nurſing-Fathers raiſe,
Thy Grace be on the Great beſtow'd,
And let the King ſhew forth thy Praiſe,
And riſe to build the Houſe of GOD.

22 Thou haſt ordain'd the Powers that be :
Strengthen thy Delegate below ;
He bears the Rule deriv'd from Thee,
O let him all thine Image ſhew.

23 Support him with thy guardian Hand,
Thy royal Grace be ſeen in him,
King of a re-converted Land,
In Goodneſs as in Power ſupreme.

24 So will we not from Thee go back,
If Thou our ruin'd Church reſtore,
No, never more will we forſake,
No, never will we grieve Thee more.

25 Revive, O GOD of Power, revive
Thy Work in our degenerate Days,
O let us by thy Mercy live,
And all our Lives ſhall ſpeak thy Praiſe.

26 Turn us again, O LORD, and ſhew
The Brightneſs of thy lovely Face,
So ſhall we all be Saints below,
And ſav'd, and perfected in Grace.

Psalm LXXXVIII.

1 HEAVY on me, O Lord, thy Judgments lye,
And curſt I am; for God neglects my Cry;
O Lord, in Darkneſs, in Deſpair I groan;
And every Place is Hell; for God is gone!
O Lord ariſe, and let thy Beams controul
Theſe horrid Clouds that preſs my frighted Soul,
O raiſe and ſave me from eternal Night!
Thou art the God of Light!

2 Downward I haſten to my deſtin'd Place:
There none obtain thy Aid, none ſing thy Praiſe.
Soon I ſhall lie in Death's deep Ocean drown'd,
Is Mercy there, is ſweet Forgiveneſs found?
O ſave me yet, while on the Brink I ſtand!
Rebuke theſe Storms, and ſet me ſafe on Land.
O make my Longings and thy Mercy ſure!
Thou art the God of Power!

3 Behold the weary Prodigal is come,
To Thee, his Hope, his Harbour, and his Home.
No Father can he find, no Friend abroad;
Depriv'd of Joy, and deſtitute of God.
O let thy Terrors, and his Anguiſh end!
Be Thou his Father, Lord, be Thou his Friend,
Receive the Son Thou didſt ſo long reprove,
Thou art the God of Love!

Psalm XC.

1 O God, our Help in Ages paſt,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Our Shelter from the ſtormy Blaſt,
And our eternal Home:

2 Under the Shadow of thy Throne
Still may we dwell ſecure;
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is ſure.

3 Before the Hills in Order ſtood,
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
From Everlaſting Thou art GOD,
To endleſs Years the ſame.

4 A thouſand Ages in thy Sight,
Are like an Evening gone;
Short as the Watch that ends the Night,
Before the riſing Sun.

5 The buſy Tribes of Fleſh and Blood,
With all their Cares and Fears
Are carried downward by the Flood,
And loſt in following Years.

6 Time like an ever-rolling Stream,
Bears all its Sons away;
They fly forgotten as a Dream
Dies at the op'ning Day.

7 O GOD, our Help in Ages paſt,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while Life ſhall laſt,
And our perpetual Home.

PSALM CXI.

1 HE that hath GOD his Guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty's Shade
Secure and undiſturb'd abide:
Thus to my Soul of Him I'll ſay,
He is my Fortreſs and my Stay,
My GOD in whom I will confide.

2 Thy tender Love and watchful Care
Shall free me from the Fowler's Snare,
And from the noiſome Peſtilence:
Thou over me thy Wings ſhall ſpread,
And cover my unguarded Head;
Thy Truth ſhall be my ſtrong Defence.

3 No Terrors that ſurprize by Night,
Shall thy undaunted Courage fright;

Nor

Nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day;
Nor Plague of unknown Riſe that kills
In Darkneſs, nor infectious Ills
That in the hotteſt Seaſons ſlay.

4 A Thouſand at thy Side ſhall die,
At thy right Hand ten thouſand lie,
While thy firm Health untouch'd remains:
Thou only ſhall look on and ſee
The Wicked's diſmal Tragedy,
And count the Sinner's mournful Gains.

5 Becauſe with well-plac'd Confidence
Thou mak'ſt the LORD thy ſure Defence,
And on the Higheſt doſt rely;
Therefore no Ill ſhall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful Dwelling ſhall
Any infectious Plague draw nigh.

6 For He throughout thy happy Days,
To keep thee ſafe in all thy Ways
Shall give his Angels ſtrict Commands;
And they, leſt thou ſhould chance to meet,
With ſome rough Stone to wound thy Feet,
Shall bear thee ſafely in their Hands.

PSALM XCIII.

1 WITH Glory clad, with Strength array'd,
The LORD that o'er all Nature reigns,
The World's Foundation ſtrongly laid,
And the vaſt Fabrick ſtill ſuſtains.

2 How ſure eſtabliſh'd is thy Throne!
Which ſhall no Change or Period ſee;
For Thou, O LORD, and Thou alone
Art King from all Eternity.

3 The Floods, O LORD, lift up their Voice,
And toſs the troubled Waves on high;
But GOD above can ſtill their Noiſe,
And make the angry Sea comply.

4 Thy

Thy Promiſe, LORD, is ever ſure;
And they that in thy Houſe would dwell,
That happy Station to ſecure,
Muſt ſtill in Holineſs excel.

PSALM CXXI.

1 TO Heaven I lift my waiting Eyes,
There all my Hopes are laid:
The LORD that built the Earth and Skies
Is my perpetual Aid.

2 Their Feet, O LORD, ſhall never fall,
Whom Thou vouchſaf'ſt to keep:
Thy Ear attends the ſofteſt Call,
Thy Eyes can never ſleep.

3 Thou wilt ſuſtain our feeble Powers
With thy Almighty Arm:
Thou watcheſt our unguarded Hours
Againſt invading Harm.

4 Nor ſcorching Sun, nor ſickly Moon,
Shall have thy Leave to ſmite;
Thou ſhield'ſt our Heads from burning Noon,
From blaſting Damps at Night.

5 He guards our Souls, He keeps our Breath,
Where thickeſt Dangers come:
Go and return, ſecure from Death,
Till GOD commands thee Home.

PSALM CXXX.

1 OUT of the Depth of *Self-Deſpair*
To Thee, O LORD, I cry;
My Miſery mark, attend my Prayer,
And bring Salvation nigh.

2 Death's Sentence in myſelf I feel,
Beneath thy Wrath I faint;
O let thine Ear conſider well
The Voice of my Complaint.

3 If Thou art rig'rouſly ſevere,
Who may the Teſt abide?
Where ſhall the Man of Sin appear,
Or how be juſtified?

4 But O! Forgiveneſs is with Thee,
That Sinners may adore,
With filial Fear thy Goodneſs ſee,
And never grieve Thee more.

5 I look to ſee his lovely Face,
I wait to meet my LORD,
My longing Soul expects his Grace,
And reſts upon his Word.

6 My Soul, while ſtill to Him it flies,
Prevents the Morning Ray;
O that his Mercy's Beams would riſe,
And bring the Goſpel-Day!

7 Ye faithful Souls, confide in GOD,
Mercy with Him remains,
Plenteous Redemption in his Blood,
To waſh out all your Stains.

8 His *Iſrael* Himſelf ſhall clear,
From all their Sins redeem:
The LORD our Righteouſneſs is near,
And we are juſt in Him.

PSALM CXXXVII.

1 FAST by the *Babyloniſh* Tide,
(The Tide our Sorrows made o'erflow)
We dropt our weary Limbs, and cried
In deep Diſtreſs at *Sion*'s Woe,
Here we bewail'd, in ſpeechleſs Groans
In Bondage with her captive Sons.

2 Our Harps no longer vocal now,
We caſt aſide, untun'd, unſtrung,
Forgot them pendant on the Bough;
Let meaner Sorrows find a Tongue.
Silent we ſat, and ſcorn'd Relief,
In all the Majeſty of Grief.

3 In vain our haughty Lords requir'd
A Song of *Sion*'s ſacred Strain,
"Sing us a Song your GOD inſpir'd."
How ſhall our Soul exult in Pain,
How ſhall the mournful Exiles ſing,
While Bond-ſlaves to a foreign King?

4 *Jeruſalem*, dear hallow'd Name,
Thee if I ever leſs deſire,
If leſs diſtreſs'd for Thee I am,
Let my Right-hand forget its Lyre,
All his harmonious Strains forego,
When heedleſs of a Mother's Woe.

5 O *England*'s deſolate Church, if Thee,
Tho' deſolate I remember not,
Let me, ſo loſt to Piety,
Be loſt myſelf and clean forgot;
Cleave to the Roof my ſpeechleſs Tongue,
When *Sion* is not all my Song.

6 Let Life itſelf with Language fail,
For Thee when I forbear to mourn.
Nay, but I will forever wail,
Till GOD thy captive State ſhall turn;
Let this my every Breath employ,
To grieve for Thee be all my Joy.

7 O for the weeping Prophet's Strains,
The Depth of ſympathetic Woe!
I live to gather thy Remains,
For Thee my Tears and Blood ſhall flow,
My Heart amidſt thy Ruin lies,
And only in thy Riſe I riſe.

Remember

8 Remember, LORD, the cruel Pride
Of *Edom* in our evil Day,
Down with it to the Ground, they cried,
Let none the tottering Ruin ſtay,
Let none the ſinking Church reſtore,
But let it fall to riſe no more.

9 Surely our GOD ſhall Vengeance take,
On thoſe that gloried in our Fall,
He a full End of Sin ſhall make,
Of all that held our Souls in Thrall:
O *Babylon*, thy Day ſhall come,
Prepare to meet thy final Doom.

10 Happy the Man that ſees in Thee
The myſtic *Babylon* within,
And fill'd with holy Cruelty,
Diſtains to ſpare the ſmalleſt Sin,
But ſternly takes thy little Ones,
And daſhes all againſt the Stones.

11 Thou in thy Turn ſhall be brought low,
Thy Kingdom ſhall not always laſt,
The LORD ſhall all thy Pow'r o'erthrow,
And lay the mighty Waſter waſte,
Deſtroy thy Being with thy Power,
And Pride and Sin ſhall be no more.

PSALM CXXXIX.

Part the Firſt.

1 LORD, all I am is known to Thee,
In vain my Soul would try
To ſhun thy Preſence, or to flee
The Notice of thine Eye.

2 Thy all-ſurrounding Sight ſurveys
My Riſing and my Reſt,
My publick Walks, my private Ways,
The Secrets of my Breaſt.

3 My Thoughts lie open to Thee, LORD,
Before they're form'd within,
And e'er my Lips pronounce the Word,
Thou know'ſt the Senſe I mean.

4 O wond'rous Knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a Creature hide?
Within thy circling Arms I lie
Beſet on every Side.

5 So let thy Grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a Bulwark prove,
To guard my Soul from ev'ry Ill,
Secur'd by ſov'reign Love.

Part the Second.

1 LORD, where ſhall guilty Souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In Hell they meet thy vengeful Ire,
In Heav'n thy glorious Throne.

2 Should I ſuppreſs my vital Breath,
T'eſcape the Wrath Divine,
Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
And make the Grave reſign.

3 If wing'd with Beams of Morning Light
I fly beyond the Weſt,
Thy Hand, which muſt ſupport my Flight,
Would ſoon betray my Reſt.

4 If o'er my Sins I ſeek to draw
The Curtains of the Night,
Thoſe flaming Eyes that guard thy Law,
Would turn the Shades to light.

5 The Beams of Noon, the Midnight Hour,
Are both alike to Thee:
O may I ne'er provoke thy Power
From which I cannot flee!

Part

Part the Third.

1 WHEN I with pleaſing Wonder ſtand,
And all my Frame ſurvey,
LORD, 'tis thy Work; I own thy Hand,
That built my humble Clay.

2 Thy Hand my Heart and Reins poſſeſs'd,
Where unborn Nature grew,
Thy Wiſdom all my Features trac'd,
And all my Members drew.

3 Thine Eyes with tender Care ſurvey'd
The Growth of every Part,
Till the whole Scheme, thy Thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy Art.

4 Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, and Fire, and Wind,
Shew me thy wond'rous Skill;
But I review myſelf, and find
Diviner Wonders ſtill.

5 Thy awful Glories round me ſhine,
My Fleſh proclaims thy Praiſe:
LORD to thy Works of Nature join
Thy Miracles of Grace!

The Creator and Creatures.

1 GOD is a Name my Soul adores,
Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One!
Nature and Grace with all their Pow'rs
Confeſs the Infinite unknown.

2 Thy Voice produc'd the Sea and Spheres,
Bid the Waves roar, and Planets ſhine;
But nothing like Thyſelf appears
Thro' all theſe ſpacious Works of thine.

3 Still reſtleſs Nature dies and grows,
From Change to Change the Creatures run;
Thy Being no Succeſſion knows,
And all thy vaſt Deſigns are one.

4 A Glance of Thine runs thro' the Globes,
Rules the bright Worlds, and moves their Frame,
Broad Sheets of Light compoſe thy Robes,
Thy Guards are form'd of living Flame.

5 How ſhall affrighted Mortals dare
To ſing thy Glory or thy Grace?
Beneath thy Feet we lie ſo far,
And ſee but Shadows of thy Face.

6 Who can behold the blazing Light?
Who can approach conſuming Flame?
None but thy Wiſdom knows thy Might,
None but thy Word can ſpeak thy Name.

Life and Eternity.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to Thee
How feeble is our mortal Frame,
What dying Worms we be.

2 Our waſting Lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As Months and Days increaſe!
And every beating Pulſe we tell
Leaves but the Number leſs.

3 The Year rolls round, and ſteals away
The Breath that firſt it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the Grave.

4 Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the Ground,
To puſh us to the Tomb,
And fierce Diſeaſes wait around
To hurry Mortals home.

5 Great GOD! on what a ſlender Thread
Hang everlaſting Things!
Th' eternal States of all the Dead
Upon Life's feeble Strings!

Infinite

6 Infinite Joy, and endleſs Woe,
Attend on ev'ry Breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the Brink of Death!

7 Waken, O LORD, our drowſy Senſe,
To walk this dang'rous Road:
And if our Souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with GOD!

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

1 MY drowſy Powers, why ſleep ye ſo?
Awake my ſluggiſh Soul:
Nothing hath half thy Work to do;
Yet nothing's half ſo dull.

2 Go to the Ants: For one poor Grain
See how they toil and ſtrive!
Yet we who have a Heav'n t'obtain
How negligent we live!

3 We for whoſe Sake all Nature ſtands,
And Stars their Courſes move;
We for whoſe Guards the Angel Bands
Come flying from above:

4 We for whom GOD the Son came down,
And labour'd for our Good,
How careleſs to ſecure that Crown
He purchas'd with his Blood!

5 LORD, ſhall we live ſo ſluggiſh ſtill,
And never act our Parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly Hill,
And warm our frozen Hearts.

6 Give us with active Warmth to move,
With vig'rous Souls to riſe,
With Hands of Faith and Wings of Love
To fly and take the Prize.

Judgment

Judgment.

1 WHEN riſing from the Bed of Death,
O'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear,
I view my Maker Face to Face,
O how ſhall I appear!

2 If yet, while Pardon may be found,
And Mercy may be ſought,
My Soul with inward Horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the Thought!

3 When Thou, O LORD, ſhall ſtand diſclos'd
In Majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in Judgment on my Soul,
O how ſhall I appear!

4 O may my broken contrite Heart
Timely my Sins lament,
And early with repenting Tears
Eternal Woe prevent!

5 Behold the Sorrows of my Heart,
E'er yet it be too late,
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans
To give thoſe Sorrows Weight.

6 For never ſhall my Soul deſpair
Her Pardon to ſecure;
Who knows thy only Son has died
To make that Pardon ſure.

On the Crucifixion.

1 FROM whence theſe dire Portents around,
That Earth and Heaven amaze?
Wherefore do Earthquakes cleave the Ground,
Why Hides the Sun its Rays?

2 Not thus did *Sinai*'s trembling Head
With ſacred Horror nod,
Beneath the dark Pavilion ſpread
Of Legiſlative GOD!

Thou

3 Thou Earth, thy loweſt Centre ſhake,
With JESU ſympathize!
The Sun, as Hell's deep Gloom be black,
'Tis thy Creator dies!

4 See, ſtreaming from th' accurſed Tree,
His all-atoning Blood!
Is this the Infinite? 'Tis He,
My Saviour and my GOD!

5 For me theſe Pangs in Soul aſſail,
For me the Death is born;
My Sin gave Sharpneſs to the Nail,
And pointed ev'ry Thorn.

6 Let Sin no more my Soul enſlave!
Break, LORD, the Tyrant's Chain;
Oh ſave me whom thou cam'ſt to ſave,
Nor bleed nor die in vain!

Sovereignty and Grace.

1 THE LORD, how fearful is his Name!
How wide is his Command!
Nature with all her moving Frame
Reſts on his mighty Hand.

2 Immortal Glory forms his Throne,
And Light his awful Robe,
While with a Smile, or with a Frown,
He manages the Globe.

3 A Word of his Almighty Breath
Can ſwell or ſink the Seas,
Build the vaſt Empires of the Earth,
Or break them as He pleaſe.

4 Adoring Angels round Him fall,
In all their ſhining Forms;
His ſov'reign Eye looks thro' them all,
And pities mortal Worms.

His Bowels to our worthleſs Race
In ſweet Compaſſion move;
He cloaths his Looks with ſofteſt Grace,
And takes his Title Love.

6 Now let the LORD for ever reign,
And ſway us as He will;
Sick or in Health, in Eaſe or Pain,
We are his Children ſtill.

7 No more ſhall peeviſh Paſſions riſe,
Our Tongue no more complain:
'Tis ſov'reign Love that lends our Joys,
And Love reſumes again.

Faith in CHRIST.

1 HOW ſad our State by Nature is!
Our Sin how deep it ſtains!
And Satan binds our captive Souls
Faſt in his ſaviſh Chains.

2 But there's a Voice of ſov'reign Grace
Sounds from thy ſacred Word:
Ho! Ye deſparing Sinners come,
And truſt upon the LORD.

3 My Soul obeys th' Almighty Call,
And runs to this Relief;
I would believe thy Promiſe, LORD!
O help my Unbelief.

4 To the bleſt Fountain of thy Blood,
Incarnate GOD, I fly;
Here let me waſh my ſpotted Soul
From Crimes of deepeſt Dye.

5 Stretch out thy Arm, victorious King,
My reigning Sins ſubdue;
Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,
With his infernal Crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpleſs Worm
Into thy Hands I fall;
Be Thou my Strength and Righteouſneſs,
My Jesus and my All.

Inconſtancy.

1 LORD Jesu, when, when ſhall it be,
That I no more ſhall break with Thee?
When will this War of Paſſion ceaſe,
And my free Soul enjoy thy Peace?

2 Here I repent, and ſin again;
Now I revive, and now am ſlain;
Slain with the ſame unhappy Dart,
Which, Oh! too often wounds my Heart.

3 O Saviour, when, when ſhall I be
A Garden ſeal'd to all but Thee?
No more expos'd, no more undone;
But live and grow to Thee alone!

4 Guide Thou, O Lord, guide Thou my Courſe,
And draw me on with thy ſweet Force,
Still make me walk, ſtill make me tend,
By Thee my Way, to Thee my End.

A Thought in Affliction.

1 WILT Thou, O Lord, regard my Tears,
The Fruit of Guilt and Fears?
Me, who thy Juſtice have provok'd,
O will thy Mercy ſpare?

2 Yes; for the broken contrite Heart,
Saviour, thy Sufferings plead;
O quench not then the ſmoking Flax,
Nor break the bruiſed Reed!

3 Thy poor, unworthy Servant view,
Reſign'd to thy Decree;
Ordain me, or to live, or die,
But live or die in Thee!

4 Upon thy gracious Promiſe, LORD,
My humbled Soul is caſt!
Oh bear me ſafe, thro' Life, thro' Death,
And raiſe me up at laſt!

5 Low as this mortal Frame muſt lie,
This mortal Frame ſhall ſing,
Where is thy Victory, O Grave!
And where, O Death, thy Sting!

The Chriſtian Race.

1 AWAKE, our Souls (away our Fears,
Let every trembling Thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heavenly Race,
And put a chearful Courage on.

2 True, 'tis a ſtrait and thorny Road.
And mortal Spirits tire and faint;
But we forget the mighty GOD,
That feeds the Strength of every Saint.

3 O mighty GOD, thy matchleſs Power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endleſs Years
Their everlaſting Circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our Souls ſhall drink a freſh Supply;
While ſuch as truſt their native Strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

5 Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
We'll mount aloft to thine Abode;
On Wings of Love our Souls ſhall fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heavenly Road!

The New Creation.

1 ATTEND, while God's Eternal Son
Doth his own Glories ſhew:
" Behold, I ſit upon my Throne,
" Creating all Things new.

2 " Nature and Sin are paſs'd away,
" And the old *Adam* dies;
" My Hands a new Foundation lay:
" See a new World ariſe!".

3 Mighty Redeemer, ſet me free
From my old Stain of Sin;
O make my Soul alive to Thee,
Create new Pow'rs within.

4 Renew my Eyes, and form my Ears,
And mould my Heart afreſh;
Give me new Paſſions, Joys and Fears,
And turn the Stone to Fleſh.

5 Far from the Regions of the Dead,
From Sin, and Earth, and Hell,
In the new World thy Grace hath made,
May I for ever dwell!

Chriſt's Humiliation and Exaltation.

1 WHAT equal Honours ſhall we bring
To Thee, O Lord, our God the Lamb?
Since all the Notes that Angels ſing
Are far inferior to thy Name.

2 Worthy is He that once was ſlain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to riſe and live and reign
At his Almighty Father's Side.

3 Power and Dominion are his due,
Who ſtood condemn'd at *Pilate's* Bar;
Wiſdom belongs to Jeſus too,
Tho' He was charg'd with Madneſs here.

4 Honour immortal muſt be paid
Inſtead of Scandal and of Scorn;
While Glory ſhines around his Head,
And a bright Crown without a Thorn.

5 Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore our Sin, and Curſe and Pain;
Let Angels ſound his ſacred Name
And every Creature ſay, *Amen!*

Waiting for the Spirit of Adoption.

1 ALL Glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceaſing Praiſe,
While Angels live to know thy Name,
Or Men to feel thy Grace.

2 With this cold, ſtony Heart of mine,
Jesu, to Thee I flee!
And to thy Grace my Soul reſign
To be renew'd by Thee.

3 Give to hide my bluſhing Face,
While thy dear Croſs appears;
Diſſolve my Heart in Thankfulneſs,
And melt my Eyes to Tears.

4 O may the uncorrupted Seed
Abide and reign within;
And thy Life-giving Word forbid
My new-born Soul to ſin.

5 Father, I wait before thy Throne:
Call me a Child of Thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my Heart divine.

6 There ſhed thy promis'd Love abroad,
And make my Comforts ſtrong;
Then ſhall I ſay, "My Father, GOD!"
With an unwav'ring Tongue.

Hymn to the Holy Ghoſt.

1 COME holy Spirit, ſend down thoſe Beams
Which gently flow in ſilent Streams
From the eternal Throne above:
Come, thou Enricher of the Poor,
Thou bounteous Source of all our Store,
Fill us with Faith, with Hope, and Love.

2 Come, thou Soul's delightful Gueſt,
The wearied Pilgrim's ſweeteſt Reſt,
The fainting Sufferer's beſt Relief:
Come, thou, our Paſſion's cool Allay;
Thy Comfort wipes all Tears away,
And turns to Peace and Joy all Grief.

3 LORD, waſh our ſinful Stains away.
Water from Heaven our barren Clay,
Our Sickneſs cure, our Bruiſes heal:
To thy ſweet Yoke our ſtiff Necks bow,
Warm with thy Fire our Hearts of Snow,
And there enthron'd for ever dwell.

4 All Glory to the ſacred Three
One everlaſting Deity!
All Love and Power, and Might and Praiſe!
As at the Firſt, e'er Time begun,
May the ſame Homage ſtill be done
When Earth and Heaven itſelf decays.

Charity.

1 HAPPY the Heart, where Graces reign,
Where Love inſpires the Breaſt!
Love is the Brighteſt of the Train,
And perfects all the reſt.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our Fear:
Our ſtubborn Sins will fight and reign,
If Love be abſent there.

3 'Tis Love that makes our chearful Feet,
In ſwift Obedience move;
The Devils know and tremble too
But *Satan* cannot love.

4 This is the Grace that lives and ſings,
When Faith and Hope ſhall ceaſe;
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful Strings
In the ſweet Realms of Bliſs.

5 Yea, e'er we quite forſake our Clay,
Or leave this dark Abode,
The Wings of Love bear us away
To ſee our gracious GOD.

Unfruitfulneſs.

1 LONG have I ſet beneath the Sound
Of thy Salvation, LORD,
But ſtill how weak my Faith is found,
And Knowledge of thy Word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy Place,
Yet hear almoſt in vain;
How ſmall a Portion of thy Grace
Can my hard Heart retain!

3 My gracious Saviour and my GOD,
How little art Thou known
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Bleſſings of thy Throne?

4 How cold and feeble is my Love!
How negligent my Fear!
How low my Hope of Joys above!
How few Affections there!

5 Great God, thy ſovereign Aid impart,
To give thy Word Succeſs;
Write thy Salvation on my Heart,
And make me learn thy Grace.

6 Shew my forgetful Feet the Way,
That leads to Joys on high,
Where Knowledge grows without Decay,
And Love ſhall never die.

Sincere Praiſe.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
How glorious is thy Name!
Thy Wonders how diffus'd abroad,
Throughout Creation's Frame?

2 In native White and Red
The Roſe and Lilly ſtand,
And free from Pride their Beauties ſpread,
To ſhew thy ſkilful Hand.

3 The Lark mounts up the Sky
With unambitious Song,
And bears her Maker's Praiſe on high
Upon her artleſs Tongue.

4 Fain would I riſe and ſing
To my Creator too;
Fain would my Heart adore my King,
And give Him Praiſes due.

5 But Pride, that buſy Sin,
Spoils all that I perform,
Curs'd Pride that creeps ſecurely in,
And ſwells a haughty Worm.

6 Thy Glories I abate,
Or praiſe Thee with Deſign,
Part of thy Favours I forget,
Or think the Merit mine.

7 Create my Soul anew,
Elſe all my Worſhip's vain:
This wretched Heart will ne'er prove true
'Till it be form'd again.

8 Deſcend, Celeſtial Fire,
And ſeize me from above!
Wrap me in Flames of pure Deſire
A Sacrifice to Love.

9 Let Joy and Worſhip ſpend
The Remnant of my Days,
And to my God my Soul aſcend
In ſweet Perfumes of Praiſe.

Chriſt's Compaſſion for the Tempted.

1 WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our High Prieſt above;
His Heart is made of Tenderneſs,
His Bowels melt with Love.

2 Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame;
He knows what ſore Temptations mean,
For He hath felt the ſame.

3 He, in the Days of feeble Fleſh,
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his Meaſure feels afreſh
What every Member bears.

4 He'll never quench the ſmoaking Flax,
But raiſe it to a Flame,
The bruiſed Reed He never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt Name.

5 Then let our humble Faith addreſs
His Mercy and his Power:
We ſhall obtain delivering Grace
In the diſtreſſing Hour.

The Reſignation.

1 LONG have I view'd, long have I thought,
And trembling held this bitter Draught;
'Twas now juſt to my Lips applied,
Nature ſhrank in, my Courage died:
But now reſolv'd and firm I'll be,
Since, LORD, 'tis mixt and given by Thee.

2 I'll truſt my great Phyſician's Skill,
What he preſcribes can ne'er be ill:
For each Diſeaſe he knows what's fit,
He's wiſe and good, and I'll ſubmit:
No longer will I grieve or pine;
Thy Pleaſure 'tis, it ſhall be mine.

3 Thy Med'cine puts me to great Smart,
Thou wound'ſt me in the tend'reſt Part,
But 'tis with a Deſign to cure,
I muſt and will thy Touch endure:
All that I priz'd below is gone;
Yet ſtill, Father, thy Will be done.

4 Since 'tis thy Sentence I ſhould part
With what was neareſt to my Heart,
I freely that and more reſign,
Behold my Heart itſelf is thine:
My little All I give to Thee;
Thou haſt beſtow'd thy Son on me.

5 He left true Bliſs and Joy above,
Empty'd himſelf of all but Love;
For me He freely did forſake
More than from me He e'er can take.
A mortal Life for a divine
He took, and did ev'n that reſign.

6 Take all great GOD, I will not grieve,
But ſtill wiſh I had ſtill to give.

I hear

I hear thy Voice, Thou bid'ſt me quit
My Paradiſe, and I ſubmit:
I will not murmur at thy Word,
Nor beg Thee yet to ſheath thy Sword.

The Compariſon and Complaint.

1 INFINITE Power, Eternal LORD,
How ſovereign is thy Hand!
All Nature roſe t'obey thy Word,
And moves at thy Command.

2 With ſteady Courſe the ſhining Sun
Keeps his appointed Way,
And all the Hours obedient run
The Circle of the Day.

3 But ah! how wide my Spirit flies
And wanders from her GOD!
My Soul forgets the heavenly Prize,
And treads the downward Road.

4 The raging Fire and ſtormy Sea
Perform thy awful Will,
And every Beaſt and every Tree
Thy great Deſign fulfil.

5 While my wild Paſſions rage within,
Nor thy Commands obey;
But Fleſh and Senſe, enſlav'd to Sin,
Draw my beſt Thoughts away.

6 Shall Creatures of a meaner Frame,
Pay all their Dues to Thee?
Creatures that never knew thy Name,
That ne'er were lov'd like me?

7 Great GOD, create my Soul anew,
Conform my Heart to thine,
Melt down my Will, and let it flow,
And take the Mould divine.

8 Seize my whole Frame into thy Hand,
Here all my Powers I bring;
Manage the Wheels by thy Command,
And govern every Spring.

9 Then ſhall my Feet no more depart,
Nor my Affections rove;
Devotion ſhall be all my Heart,
And all my Paſſions Love.

A Prayer for the Light of Life.

1 O Sun of Righteouſneſs, ariſe,
With healing in thy Wing!
To my diſeas'd, my fainting Soul
Life and Salvation bring.

2 Theſe Clouds of Pride and Sin diſpel
By thy all-piercing Beam;
Lighten mine Eyes with Faith, my Heart
With holy Hope inflame.

3 My Mind by thy all-quick'ning Power
From low Deſires ſet free;
Unite my ſcatter'd Thoughts, and fix
My Love entire on Thee.

4 Father, thy long-loſt Son receive:
Saviour, thy Purchaſe own:
Bleſt Comforter, with Peace and Joy
Thy new-made Creature crown!

5 Eternal undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three!
On Thee all Faith, all Hope be plac'd,
All Love be paid to Thee!

Submiſſion.

1 But that Thou art my Wiſdom, Lord,
And both my Eyes are thine,
My Soul would be extremely ſtirr'd
At miſſing my Deſign.

Were

2 Were it not better to beſtow
Some Place or Power on me?
Then ſhould thy Praiſes with me grow,
And ſhare in my Degree,

3 But while I thus diſpute and grieve,
I do reſume my Sight;
And pilf'ring what I once did give,
Diſſeize Thee of thy Right.

4 How know I, if Thou ſhould'ſt me raiſe,
That I ſhould then raiſe Thee?
Perhaps my wiſhes and thy Praiſe
Do not ſo well agree.

5 Therefore unto my Gift I ſtand,
I will no more adviſe?
Only do Thou lend me a Hand,
Since thou haſt both mine Eyes.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Powers;
Kindle a Flame of ſacred Love
In theſe cold Hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe earthly Toys;
Our Souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal Joys;

3 In vain we tune our formal Songs,
In vain we ſtrive to raiſe;
Hoſannas languiſh on our Tongues,
And our Devotion dies.

4 Father, ſhall we then ever live
At this poor dying Rate?
Our Love ſo faint, ſo cold to Thee,
And thine to us ſo great?

Come,

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs;
Come, ſhed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that ſhall kindle Ours.

The Witneſſing Spirit.

1 WHY ſhould the Children of a King
Go mourning all their Days?
Great Comforter, deſcend, and bring
The Tokens of thy Grace!

2 Doſt Thou not dwell in all thy Saints,
And ſeal the Heirs of Heav'n?
When wilt thou baniſh my Complaints,
And ſhew my Sins forgiv'n?

3 Aſſure my Conſcience of her Part
In the Redeemer's Blood;
And bear thy Witneſs with my Heart,
That I am born of GOD.

4 Thou art the Earneſt of his love,
The Pledge of Joys to come;
May thy bleſt Wings, Celeſtial Dove,
Safely convey me home!

Veni Creator.

1 CREATOR Spirit, by whoſe Aid
The World's Foundations firſt were laid,
Come viſit ev'ry waiting Mind,
Come pour thy Joys on Human kind;
From Sin and Sorrow ſet us free,
And make thy Temples worthy Thee.

2 O Source of uncreated Heat,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
Our Hearts with Heavenly Love inſpire;
Come, and thy ſacred Unction bring
To ſanctify us while we ſing,

Plen-

3 Plenteous of Grace deſcend from high,
Rich in thy Sevenfold Energy!
Thou Strength of his Almighty Hand,
Whoſe Pow'r does Heaven and Earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly Parts,
And ſtamp thine Image on our Hearts.

4 Create all new, our Wills controul;
Subdue the Rebel in our Soul;
Chaſe from our Minds th' infernal Foe,
And Peace the Fruit of Faith beſtow:
And leſt again we go aſtray,
Protect and guide us in thy Way.

5 Immortal Honours, endleſs Fame
Attend th' Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for loſt Man's Redemption dy'd,
And equal Adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to Thee!

A Hymn for Sunday.

1 THE LORD of Sabbath let us praiſe
In Concert with the Bleſt,
Who Joyful in harmonious Lays
Employ an endleſs Reſt.

2 Thus, LORD, while we remember Thee,
We bleſt and pious grow;
By Hymns of Praiſe we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad Day a brighter Scene
Of Glory was diſplay'd
By GOD, th' eternal Word, than when
This Univerſe was made.

4 He riſes, who Mankind has bought
With Grief and Pain extreme;
'Twas great to ſpeak the World from Nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

A Hymn

A Hymn for Eaſter-Day.

1 THE Sun of Righteouſneſs appears
To ſet in Blood no more!
Adore the Scatterer of your Fears,
Your riſing Sun adore!

2 The Saints, when He reſign'd his Breath,
Unclos'd their ſleeping Eyes;
He breaks again the Bands of Death,
Again the Dead ariſe!

3 Alone the dreadful Race He ran,
Alone the Wine-Preſs trod;
He dy'd and ſuffer'd as a Man:
He riſes as a GOD!

4 In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal
Forbid an early Riſe
To Him who breaks the Gates of Hell,
And opens Paradiſe.

A Prayer for Faith.

1 FATHER, I ſtretch my Hands to Thee,
No other Help I know:
If Thou withdraw Thyſelf from me,
Ah! whither ſhall I go!

2 What did thy only Son endure
Before I drew my Breath!
What Pain, what Labour to ſecure
My Soul from endleſs Death!

3 O JESU, could I this believe,
I now ſhould feel thy Power;
Now my poor Soul Thou wouldſt retrieve,
Nor let me wait one Hour.

4 Author of Faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing Eyes;
O let me now receive that Gift!
My Soul without it dies.

5 Surely Thou canſt not let me die!
O ſpeak and I ſhall live!
And here I will unwearied lie
Till Thou thy Spirit give.

6 The worſt of Sinners wou'd rejoice,
Could they but ſee thy Face:
O let me hear thy quick'ning Voice,
And taſte thy Pard'ning Grace.

A Hymn to CHRIST.

1 MEEK, patient Lamb of GOD, to Thee
I fly, thy Meekneſs give to me:
I chooſe Thee for my Life, my Crown;
I pant to have Thee all my own:
Thou ſeeſt my Heart, Thou know'ſt my Love,
From Thee I never will remove;
No Shame I fear, no Pain or Loſs,
But gladly follow to the Croſs.

2 Make clean as Wool my filthy Heart,
Waſh white as Snow my every Part:
Give me in Stillneſs to ſuſtain
What e'er thy Wiſdom ſhall ordain.
Carve for Thyſelf in me, and make
My Heart thy Lamb-like Image take:
Yea, ſlay me, LORD, and offer me
A pure Burnt-Sacrifice to Thee.

3 Bind, Father, Hand and Foot thy Son,
Nor leave the Work till all be done:
O never let me, LORD, go free
Till all my Heart's reſign'd to Thee:
Then quickly to the Altar lead,
And ſuffer me no more to plead;
No longer with th' old *Adam* bear;
Lead on dear LORD, conſume him there.

We love him becauſe he firſt loved us.

1 OF Him who did Salvation bring
I could for ever think and ſing.
Ariſe, ye Guilty; He'll forgive:
Ariſe, ye Needy; He'll relieve.

2 Aſk but his Grace, and lo! 'tis given;
Aſk, and He turns your Hell to Heaven:
Tho' Sin and Sorrow wound my Soul,
JESU, thy Balm will make it whole.

3 Eternal LORD, Almighty King,
All Heaven doth with thy Triumphs ring:
Thou conquer'ſt all beneath, above;
Devils with Force, and Men with Love.

4 The wounding Spear pierces my Heart;
When Thou art nail'd, I feel the Smart:
Thy Groans my echoing Sighs diſplay;
Thou bow'ſt thy Head; I faint away.

5 Ye Hearts of Stone, come, melt to ſee,
This He endur'd for you and me:
He ſuffer'd: all our Guilt's forgiven;
And on his Blood we ſwim to Heaven.

6 To ſhame our Sins He bluſh'd in Blood,
He clos'd his Eyes to ſhew us GOD.
Let all the World fall down, and know
That none but GOD ſuch Love cou'd ſhew.

7 'Tis Thee I love, for Thee alone
I ſhed my Tears and make my Moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the Object of my Love.

8 Inſatiate to this Spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who againſt ſuch Charms is Proof!
Ah! who that loves can love enough!

An Hymn for the Georgia *Orphans.*

1 COME let us join our GOD to bleſs,
And praiſe Him evermore,
That Father of the Fatherleſs,
That Helper of the Poor.

2 Our dying Parents us forſake:
His Mercy takes us up,
Kindly vouchſafes his own to make,
And GOD becomes our Hope.

3 For us He in the Wilderneſs
A Table hath prepar'd,
Us whom his Love delights to bleſs
His Providence to guard.

4 Known unto Him are all our Needs;
And when we ſeek his Face,
His open Hand our Bodies feed,
Our Souls He feeds with Grace.

5 Then let us in his Service ſpend
What we from Him receive;
And back to Him what He ſhall ſend
In Thanks and Praiſes give.

For their Benefactors.

1 FATHER of Mercies, hear our Prayers
For thoſe that do us good,
Whoſe Love for us a Place prepares,
And gives the Orphans Food.

2 Their Alms in Bleſſings on their Head
A thouſand-fold reſtore;
O feed their Souls with Living Bread,
And let their Cup run o'er.

3 For ever in thy CHRIST built up
Thy Bounty let them prove,
Stedfaſt in Faith, joyful thro' Hope,
And rooted deep in Love,

For

4 For thoſe who kindly founded This,
A better Houſe prepare;
Remove them to thy heavenly Bliſs,
And let us meet them there.

Before their going to Work.

1 LET us go forth, 'tis God Commands;
Let us make haſte away,
Offer to Christ our Hearts and Hands;
We work for Christ to Day.

2 When He vouchſafes our Hands to uſe,
It makes the Labour ſweet;
If any now to Work refuſe,
Let not the Sluggard eat.

3 Who would not do what God ordains,
And promiſes to bleſs?
Who would not 'ſcape the Toils and Pains
Of ſinful Idleneſs?

4 In vain to Christ the Slothful pray;
We have not learn'd Him ſo;
No—for He calls Himſelf the Way,
And work'd Himſelf below.

5 Then let us in his Footſteps tread,
And gladly act our Part;
On Earth employ our Hands and Head,
But give Him all our Heart.

A Hymn for Charity Children.

1 HOW happy they, O King of Kings!
How ſafe, how truly bleſt,
Who under thy protecting Wings
Both Shelter find and Reſt.

2 Them wilt Thou lead, them wilt Thou keep,
And with thine Arm uphold;
O bleſſed Shepherd! bleſſed Sheep
Of *Iſrael*'s ſacred Fold!

3 Nor does the tender wand'ring Lambs
His kindly Care diſdain;
He knows them better than their Dams,
And better does ſuſtain.

4 Behold his Flock from every Side
He is aſſembling ſtill;
And may He all in Safety guide
To *Sion*'s ſacred Hill.

5 If thither He will us convey,
Nor our mean Vows deſpiſe,
Our Hearts we'll on his Altars lay
A grateful Sacrifice.

6 To God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit One in Three,
As is, and was e'er Time begun,
Eternal Glory be!

Another.

1 TO Thee, O Father of Mankind,
Shall our glad Hymns aſcend;
To Anger ſlow, to Love inclin'd;
Thy Goodneſs knows no End.

2 The Poor and Needy from the Duſt
'Tis thy Delight to raiſe,
Who in th' Aſſemblies of the Juſt
Will ſtill record thy Praiſe.

3 Each Hand and Heart that lend us Aid,
Thou didſt inſpire and guide;
Nor ſhall their Love be unrepaid
Who for the Poor provide.

4 The Choiceſt of thy Bleſſings ſhow'r
On thoſe who us have bleſt!
Unfailing Streams of Bounty pour
On every bounteous Breaſt!

5 Gather thoſe Outcaſts who remain
Expos'd as we before;
So ſhall our ſtill increaſing Train
With louder Songs adore.

Another.

1 WHEN to the Temple we repair,
A numerous joyful Throng;
Our Praiſe ſhall fill the Houſe of Prayer;
The LORD's our Strength and Song.

2 Should we be wanting to rejoice
Thro' Deadneſs or Delays,
The Stones themſelves would find a Voice
To celebrate his Praiſe.

3 He found us in the Deſart wide,
And did from thence remove:
Still may He us vouchſafe to guide,
And lead with Bands of Love.

4 He is our Comforter and Light,
We on his Manna feed;
His Cloud by Day, his Fire by Night
To heavenly *Canaan* lead.

5 To thoſe calm happy Seats may He
In Safety us convey,
With all whoſe Love and Piety
Have plac'd us in the Way.

6 To the bleſs'd co-eternal Three
Whom Earth and Heaven adore,
As was, and is, all Glory be,
Till Time ſhall be no more.

Another.

1 O THOU whoſe Wiſdom, Power and Love,
For all thy Works provide,
Which thoſe vaſt Orbs that roul above
And our low Center guide.

The

2 The Rich, the Poor, the Mean, the Great,
Are link'd by thy ſtrong Hands;
Pois'd on its Baſe the Works compleat,
The firm Compoſure ſtands.

3 The meaneſt Worm that creeps on Earth
Is not below thy Care;
And we altho' of humble Birth,
Thy God-like Bounty ſhare.

4 Whoe'er thy Being dare diſpute
Are ſilenc'd here with Eaſe;
The Stones themſelves would them confute,
If we ſhould hold our Peace.

5 Th' Almighty be their ſtrong Defence,
And multiply their Store,
Who ſtill concur with Providence
To aid and bleſs the Poor.

Another.

1 FATHER of Mercy, hear our Pray'r,
In Thee we move and live:
How ſlow to Wrath, how prone to ſpare,
And ready to forgive.

2 Thou chiefly doſt thy boundleſs Pow'r
In Acts of Goodneſs ſhew;
Thy Mercy all thy Works adore,
Thence all our Bleſſings flow.

3 This ſtill ſhall be our grateful Theme,
Thy Praiſe we'll ever ſing;
Our Friends the kind refreſhing Stream,
But Thou th' unfailing Spring.

4 Our Joy would ſoon o'erflow the Banks,
And Inundations raiſe,
Did we not thus look down with Thanks,
And look to Heaven with Praiſe.

5 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghoſt,
Who yet are not three Gods, but One
Rever'd by all his Hoſt;

6 The bleſt, eternal Trinity,
Whom Heaven and Earth adore,
All Honour, Praiſe and Glory be
Both now and evermore.

A yearly Hymn for Charity Children.

1 AGAIN the kind revolving Year
Has brought this happy Day,
And we in God's bleſt Houſe appear
Again our Vows to pay.

2 Our watchful Guardians, rob'd in Light,
Adore the heav'nly King;
Ten thouſand thouſand Seraphs bright
Inceſſant Praiſes ſing.

3 They know no Want, they feel no Care,
Nor ever ſigh as we;
Sorrow and Sin are Strangers there,
And all is Harmony.

4 If ought can there enhance their Bliſs,
Or raiſe their Raptures higher,
New Joys in Heaven at Sights like this,
New Anthems fill the Choir.

5 With what reſembling Care and Love
Both Worlds for us appear!
Our friendly Guardians, thoſe above,
Our Benefactors here.

Another.

1 TRIUMPHAL Notes, and Hymns of Joy
To Thee our God we'll ſing;
Thy Praiſes ſhall our Lips employ,
O *Salem*'s peaceful King!

Thou

2 Thou mak'ſt the World obey thy Will,
Whoſe Will is always beſt;
Thy Word bids Winds and Waves be ſtill,
And chides them into Reſt.

3 Thy ſacred Spirit on *Jordan*'s Stream
Deſcended like a Dove;
Thou didſt from Wrath and ſin redeem:
Thy Law is Peace and Love.

4 That Law by our kind Patrons Care,
We now are daily taught;
Tho' once far off, we now are near,
As thoſe to JESUS brought.

5 May He on every bounteous Friend
His Favours ſtill increaſe,
Till they and we with him aſcend
To everlaſting Peace.

A Hymn at the Opening of a Charity-School.

1 LIFT up your Heads, ye lofty Gates,
Unfold each ſpacious Door,
For here the King of Glory waits
With Bleſſings for the Poor.

2 'Twas Love Divine, 'twas ſovereign Grace,
True Bounty's endleſs Spring
Did us ſo near GOD's Altars Place,
Where we may pray and ſing.

3 To Pſalms and Hymns we may aſpire,
If Anthems are too high;
And follow the celeſtial Choir
In decent Harmony.

4 With holy Souls we here may meet,
And learn their Songs divine;
Their Hallelujahs loud and ſweet
With our Hoſannas join.

How

5 How bleſs'd, if always thus we might
The coming Hours employ,
And ſinging paſs to Realms of Light,
And endleſs Worlds of Joy.

A Hymn for any School.

1 ON this auſpicious happy Day,
What Incenſe ſhall we bring?
What grateful humble Homage pay
To an Almighty King?

2 Be his dread Name on Earth confeſs'd,
As 'tis by thoſe above!
What is th' Employment of the Bleſs'd
But Songs of Praiſe and Love!

3 The Breath from Heaven we did receive,
We thus in Hymns reſtore;
And while we on his Bounty live,
We'll wonder and adore.

4 Reſcu'd from Want, and Vice and Shame,
We'll all our future Days
Our great Creator's Love proclaim,
And live but to his Praiſe.

5 May Heart and Voice and Life combine
His Goodneſs to expreſs;
May all that hear us with us join,
And our Redeemer bleſs.

Another.

1 FATHER of Lights, to Thee from whom
Each perfect Gift deſcends;
To Thee with humble Pray'rs we come,
For all our bounteous Friends.

2 Bleſſings, the Payment of the Poor,
Our Lips and Hearts return:
May Heav'n which gave, augment their Store,
And comfort thoſe that mourn!

O that

3 O that we better could improve,
What's in ſuch Plenty ſown!
But Dues of Grace are from above,
Our Wants and Sins our own.

4 Only the Lowly and the Meek
Shall Reſt of Mind obtain;
Such Followers does the Saviour ſeek,
Such ſhall his Kingdom gain.

5 Thither may we be ſafe convey'd,
When Life's rough Storms are o'er,
And all who give their friendly Aid
To help us to the Shore.

6 To God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, One and Three,
As is, and was, for Time to come
Eternal Glory be!

Another.

1 TO Thee, O Lord, our God and King,
whoſe Mercies ne'er decay,
We thus in artleſs Numbers ſing,
And thus our Praiſe we pay.

2 Whate'er is human ebbs and flows
As waſting Time prevails;
But Grace Divine no Changes knows,
Charity never fails.

3 From thence flows plenteous Streams and clear:
And may they never ceaſe:
'Tis you who plant and water here,
'Tis God that gives th' Increaſe.

4 May He your pious Alms regard,
Your Warmth of Zeal approve;
With ample Bleſſings ſtill reward
The Labour of your Love.

5 May all the pleaſing Pains you ſhare
Be crown'd with wiſh'd Succeſs;
The preſent Age applaud your Care,
And future Ages bleſs.

A Morning Hymn.

1 WE lift our Hearts to Thee,
O Day-Star from on high!
The Sun itſelf is but thy Shade,
Yet chears both Earth and Sky.

2 O let thy orient Beams
The Night of Sin diſperſe!
The Miſts of Error and of Vice,
Which ſhade the Univerſe!

3 How beauteous Nature now!
How dark and ſad before!
With Joy we view the pleaſing Change,
And Nature's GOD adore.

4 O may no gloomy Crime
Pollute the riſing Day:
Or JESU's Blood, like Evening Dew,
Waſh all the Stains away.

5 May we this Life improve,
To mourn for Errors paſt,
And live this ſhort revolving Day,
As if it were our laſt.

6 To GOD the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One and Three,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall for ever be.

An Evening Hymn.

1 ALL Praiſe to Him who dwells in Bliſs,
Who made both Day and Night:
Whoſe Throne is Darkneſs in th' Abyſs
Of uncreated Light.

2 Each Thought and Deed his piercing Eyes
With ſtricteſt Search ſurvey:
The deepeſt Shades no more diſguiſe
Than the full Blaze of Day.

3 Whom Thou doſt guard, O King of Kings,
No Evil ſhall moleſt;
Under the Shadow of thy Wings
Shall they ſecurely reſt.

4 Thy Angels ſhall around their Beds
Their conſtant Stations keep:
Thy Faith and Truth ſhall ſhield their Heads,
For Thou doſt never ſleep.

5 May we with Calm and ſweet Repoſe,
And heavenly Thoughts refreſh'd,
Our Eye-lids with the Morn's uncloſe,
And bleſs the Ever-bleſs'd!

Prayer for one that is lunatic and ſore vexed.

1 JESU, God of our Salvation,
Hear our Call; Save us all
By thy Death and Paſſion.

2 Jesu! ſee thine helpleſs Creature;
Bow the Skies, God ariſe,
All thy Foes to ſcatter.

3 Jesu! manifeſt thy Glory
In this Hour, Shew thy Pow'r,
Drive thy Foes before Thee.

4 Jesu! help, thou Serpent-Bruiser;
Bruise his Head, Woman's Seed,
Cast down the Accuser.

5 Jesu! wound the Dragon, wound him;
Make him roar, Break his Pow'r,
Let thine Arm confound him.

6 Jesu! come, and bind him, bind him,
Let him feel His own Hell,
Let thy Fury find him.

7 Jesu! than the strong Man stronger,
Enter Thou, Let thy Foe
Keep Thee out no longer.

8 Suffer him no more to harm her,
Make her clean, Purge her Sin,
Take away his Armour.

9 Jesu! mighty to deliver,
Satan foil, take the Spoil,
Make her thine for ever.

10 Jesu! all to Thee is given:
All obey, Own thy Sway,
Hell, and Earth, and Heaven.

11 Jesu! let this Soul find Favour,
In thy Sight, Claim thy Right,
Come, O come, and save her.

12 From the Hand of Hell retrieve her,
Jesu, Lord, Speak the Word,
Bid the Tempter leave her.

13 Hide her till the Storm be over,
King of Kings, Spread thy Wings,
Christ, her Weakness cover.

14 Jesu! Wherefore doft Thou tarry?
Hear thine own, Cast him down,
Quell the Adversary.

15 Jesu! shall he still devour?
Is thine Ear Slow to hear?
Hast Thou lost thy Pow'r?

16 Shorten'd is thy Hand, O Saviour!
Save her now, Shew that Thou
Art the same for ever.

17 O omnipotent Redeemer!
Hell rebuke, With thy Look,
Silence the Blasphemer.

18 Jesu! all his Depths discover,
All unfold, Loose his Hold,
Let the Charm be over.

19 Jesu! is it past thy finding?
Find and shew, Break the Vow,
And let it not be binding.

20 Break the dire Confederacy:
Shall it stand? No: command,
Say, "'Tis I release thee."

21 Satan, hear the Name of Jesus!
Hear and quake, Give her back
To the Name that frees us.

22 Jesu! claim thy ransom'd Creature,
Let the Foe Feel and know
Thou in us art greater.

23 Strengthen'd by thy great Example,
Let us tread, On his Head,
On his Kingdom trample.

24 Drive him to th' infernal Region,
Chase, O chace, To his Place,
Tho' his Name be Legion,

25 Is not Faith the same for ever?
Let us see Signs from Thee
Following the Believer!

Thankſgiving for her Deliverance.

1 PRAISE by all to CHRIST be given,
Let us ſing CHRIST the King,
King of Earth and Heaven!

2 Glory to the Name of JESUS!
JESU's Name Still the ſame,
From all Evil free us.

3 JESU's Name the Conqueſt won us;
Let us riſe, Fill the Skies
With our loud Hoſannas.

4 CHRIST, Thou in our Eyes are glorious!
We proclaim CHRIST the Lamb
Over all victorious.

5 Lion of the Tribe of *Juda*,
Joyfully, Lo! to Thee
Sing we Hallelujah.

6 Hell was ready to devour;
Thou the Prey Bear'ſt away
Out of Satan's Pow'r.

7 See the lawful Captive taken
From the Foe! Now we know
Satan's Realm is ſhaken.

8 Thou haſt ſhewn Thyſelf the Stronger,
Still go on, Put it down,
Let it ſtand no longer.

9 Overturn it, overturn it,
Down with it, Let the Feet
Of thy Servants ſpurn it.

10 Surely now the Charm is broken:
Thou haſt ſhewn To thine own,
Thou haſt given a Token

11 Is there any Divination
Againſt thoſe, Thou haſt choſe
Heirs of thy Salvation?

12 Thou haſt bought, and Thou wilt have us:
Who ſhall harm, When thine Arm
Is ſtretch'd out to ſave us?

13 Hell in vain againſt us rages;
Can it ſhock CHRIST the Rock
Of eternal Ages!

14 Satan, wilt thou now defy us?
Is not Aid For us laid
On our great MESSIAS?

15 Paſt is thine oppreſſive Hour:
Where's thy Boaſt? Baffled, loſt:
Where is now thy Pow'r?

16 Serpent, ſee in us thy Bruiſer,
Feel his Pow'r, fly before
Us, thou foul Accuſer.

17 Thou no longer ſhalt oppreſs us:
Triumph we Over thee
In the Name of JESUS.

GOD *exalted above all Praiſe.*

1 ETERNAL Power, whoſe high Abode,
Becomes the Grandeur of a GOD;
Infinite Lengths, beyond the Bounds
Where Stars revolve their little Rounds:

2 Thee while the firſt Archangel ſings,
He hides his Face behind his Wings;
And ranks of ſhining Thrones around
Fall worſhipping, and ſpread the Ground.

3 LORD, what ſhall Earth and Aſhes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From Sin and duſt to Thee we cry
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

Earth

4 Earth from far has heard thy Fame,
And Worms have learnt to liſp thy Name;
But, O the Glories of thy Mind
Leave all our ſoaring Thoughts behind.

5 God is in Heaven, and Men below;
Be ſhort our Tunes; our Words be few!
A ſacred Rev'rence checks our Songs,
And Praiſe ſits ſilent on our Tongues.

A COL-

4 Earth from far has heard thy Fame,
And Worms have learn'd to sing thy Name;
But, O the Glories of thy Mind
Leave all our fearing Thoughts behind.

5 Then in Heaven, and Man below;
Be short our Years, our Words be few!
A sacred Rev'rence checks our Songs,
And Praise sits silent on our Tongues.

A COLLECTION OF PSALMS and HYMNS.

PART the SECOND.

PSALM VIII.

1 SOVEREIGN, Everlasting LORD,
How excellent thy Name!
Held in Being by thy Word,
Thee all thy Works proclaim:
Thro' this Earth thy Glories shine,
Thro' those dazling Worlds above,
All confess the Source divine,
Th' Almighty GOD of Love!

2 Thou, the GOD of Power and Grace,
Whom highest Heavens adore,
Callest Babes to sing thy Praise,
And manifest thy Power!
Lo! they in thy Strength go on,
Lo! on all thy Foes they tread,
Cast the dire Accuser down,
And bruise the Serpent's Head.

3 Yet when I survey the Skies
And Planets as they roll,
Wonder dims my aching Eyes,
And swallows up my Soul;

Moon

Moon and Stars ſo wide diſplay,
Chaunt their Maker's Praiſe ſo loud,
Pour inſufferable Day,
And draw me up to GOD!

4 What is Man, that Thou, O LORD,
Haſt ſuch Reſpect to him!
Comes from Heaven th' Incarnate WORD,
His Creature to redeem:
Wherefore would'ſt Thou ſtoop ſo low?
Who the Myſtery ſhall explain?
GOD is Fleſh, and lives below,
And dies for wretched Man.

5 JESUS, his Redeemer dies,
The Sinner to reſtore,
Falls, that Man again may riſe,
And ſtand as heretofore;
Foremoſt of created Things,
Head of all thy Works he ſtood,
Neareſt the great King of Kings,
And *little leſs than GOD!**

6 Him with glorious Majeſty
Thy Grace vouchſafes to crown;
Tranſcript of the One in Three,
He in thine Image ſhone:
All thy Works for him were made,
All did to his Sway ſubmit,
Fiſhes, Birds, and Beaſts obey'd,
And bow'd beneath his Feet.

7 Sovereign, everlaſting LORD,
How excellent thy Name!
Held in Being by thy WORD
Thee all thy Works proclaim:
Thro' this Earth thy Glories ſhine,
Thro' thoſe dazling Worlds above,
All confeſs the Source Divine,
Th' Almighty GOD of Love!

* *So it is in the* Hebrew.

PSALM

PSALM XVIII. *Vers.* 1. *&c.*

1 THEE will I love, O LORD my Power:
My Rock and Fortreſs is the LORD,
My GOD, my Saviour, and my Tower,
My Horn and Strength, my Shield and Sword;
Secure I truſt in his Defence,
I ſtand in his Omnipotence.

2 Still will I invocate his Name,
And ſpend my Life in Prayer and Praiſe,
His Goodneſs own, his Promiſe claim,
And look for all his Saving Grace,
Till all his Saving Grace I ſee,
From Sin and Hell for ever free.

3 He ſav'd me in Temptation's Hour,
Horribly caught and compaſs'd round,
Expoſs'd to Satan's raging Pow'r,
In Floods of Sin and Sorrow drown'd,
Condemn'd the Second Death to feel,
Arreſted by the Pains of Hell.

4 To GOD my GOD with plaintive Cry,
I call'd in Agony of Fear,
My humble Wailing pierc'd the Sky,
My Groaning reach'd his gracious Ear,
He hear'd me from his glorious Throne,
And ſent the timely Reſcue down.

PSALM XXIII.

1 THE LORD my Paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care;
His Preſence ſhall my Wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye;
My Noon-day Walks He ſhall attend,
And all my Mid-night Hours defend.

When

2 When in the ſultry Glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty Mountain pant,
To fertile Vales, and dewy Meads
My weary, wand'ring Steps He leads;
Where peaceful Rivers ſoft and ſlow
Amid the verdant Landſkip flow.

3 Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt Heart ſhall fear no Ill,
For Thou, O LORD, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly Crook ſhall give me Aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful Shade.

4 Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
Thro' devious, lonely Wilds I ſtray,
Thy Bounty ſhall my Pains beguile:
The barren Wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams ſhall murmur all around.

PSALM XXIV.

1 THE Earth and all her Fulneſs owns
JEHOVAH for her Sovereign LORD;
The countleſs Myriads of her Sons
Roſe into Being at his Word.

2 His Word did out of Nothing call
The World, and founded all that Is,
Launch'd on the Floods this ſolid Ball,
And fix'd it in the floating Seas.

3 But who ſhall quit this low Abode,
Who ſhall aſcend the Heavenly Place,
And ſtand upon the Mount of GOD,
And ſee his Maker Face to Face?

4 The Man whoſe Hands and Heart are clean,
That bleſſed Portion ſhall receive,
Who here by Grace is ſav'd from Sin,
Hereafter ſhall in Glory live.

He

5 He ſhall obtain the ſtarry Crown,
And number'd with the Saints above,
The GOD of his Salvation own,
The GOD of his Salvation love.

6 This is the choſen Royal Race
That ſeek their Saviour-GOD to ſee,
To ſee in Holineſs thy Face,
O JESUS, and be join'd to Thee.

7 Thou the true wreſtling *Jacob* art,
Whoſe Prayers and Tears, and Blood inclin'd
Thy Father's Majeſty t' impart
His Name, his Love to all Mankind.

8 Our LORD is riſen from the Dead,
Our JESUS is gone up on high,
The Powers of Hell are captive led,
Drag'd to the Portals of the Sky.

9 There his Triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the ſolemn Lay,
Lift up your Heads, ye heavenly Gates,
Ye everlaſting Doors give way.

10 Looſe all your Bars of maſſy Light,
And wide unfold th' etherial Scene;
He claims theſe Manſions at his Right,
Receive the King of Glory in.

11 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The LORD that all his Foes o'ercame,
The World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'erthrew:
And JESUS is the Conqu'ror's Name.

12 Lo! his Triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the ſolemn Lay,
Lift up your Heads, ye heavenly Gates,
Ye everlaſting Doors give way.

13 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The LORD of glorious Power poſſeſt,
The King of Saints and Angels too,
GOD over all, for ever bleſt.

PSALM XXXII.

1 BLEST is the Man ſupremely bleſt,
Whoſe Wickedneſs is all forgiven,
Who finds in JESU's Wounds his Reſt,
And ſees the ſmiling Face of Heaven.
The Guilt and Power of Sin is gone
From him that doth in CHRIST believe,
Cover'd it lies, and ſtill kept down,
And buried in his Saviour's Grave.

2 Bleſt is the Man, to whom his LORD
No more imputes Iniquity,
Whoſe Spirit is by Grace reſtor'd,
From all the Guile of Satan free;
Free from Deſign, or ſelfiſh Aim,
Harmleſs, and pure, and undefil'd,
A ſimple Follower of the Lamb,
And harmleſs as a new-born Child.

3 But while thro' Pride I held my Tongue,
Nor own'd my helpleſs Unbelief,
My Bones were waſted all Day long,
My Strength conſum'd with pining Grief.
Cruſh'd by thine Anger's heavy Hand,
Burnt up as a dry barren Ground,
I ever of my Sin complain'd,
But no Relief or Mercy found.

4 Reſolv'd at laſt, to GOD I cried,
My Sins I will at large confeſs,
My Shame I will no longer hide,
My Depth of deſp'rate Wickedneſs.
All will I own unto my LORD,
Without Reſerve or cloaking Art;
I ſaid; and felt the Pard'ning Word,
Thy Mercy ſpoke it to my Heart.

5 For this ſhall ev'ry Child of God
Thy Power and faithful Love declare,
And claim the Grace on All beſtow'd,
Who make to Thee their timely Prayer;
But when the Floods of Judgment riſe,
And ſweep their guilty Souls away,
Remains for Sin no Sacrifice;
For ended is their gracious Day.

6 Thou art my Hiding-place; in Thee
I reſt ſecure from Sin and Hell,
Safe in the Love that ranſom'd me,
And ſhelter'd in thy Wounds I dwell.
Still ſhall thy Grace to me abound,
The Countleſs Wonders of thy Grace
I ſtill ſhall tell to all around,
And ſing my great Deliv'rer's Praiſe.

7 I will inſtruct the childlike Heart,
(My Teacher ſaith for ever nigh)
Nor let thee from my Paths depart,
But guide thee with my gracious Eye.
Only my gracious Look obey,
And yield my perfect Will to prove,
Nor caſt my eaſy Yoke away,
Or ſtop thine Ears againſt my Love.

8 Whoe'er like Horſe or Mule withſtand,
And follow their own ſtiff-neck'd Will,
I bruiſe beneath my weighty Hand,
And force them all my Plagues to feel.
But he that dares in me confide,
Shall only know my pard'ning Grace,
My Mercy's Arms on every Side
Shall ev'ry faithful Soul embrace.

9 Ye faithful Souls, rejoice in Him,
Whoſe Arms are ſtill your ſure Defence,
Your Lord is mighty to redeem:
Believe; and who ſhall pluck you thence?

Ye Men of upright Hearts be glad,
For JESUS is your GOD and Friend,
He keeps whoe'er on Him are ſtay'd,
And He ſhall keep them to the End.

PSALM XXXVI.

1 MY Heart to every Vice inclin'd,
The Sinner's cloſeſt Sin bewrays;
The Fear of GOD he caſts behind,
He hides himſelf among the Trees,
Self-ſoothing in his loſt Eſtate
Sleeps on ſecure, and wakes too late.

2 His Words are all Deceit and Lies,
He hatches Miſchief on his Bed;
No longer to Salvation wiſe:
In every Thought and Word and Deed
He cleaves to Sin and Sin alone;
Evil and He I find are One.

3 But Thou, O LORD, art full of Grace,
Above the Clouds thy Mercies riſe,
Stedfaſt thy Truth and Faithfulneſs,
Thy Word of Promiſe never dies,
Nor Earth can ſhake, nor Hell remove
The Baſe of thine Eternal Love,

4 Unſearchable thy Judgments are,
A boundleſs bottomleſs Abyſs:
But lo! thy providential Care
O'er all thy Works extended is;
In Thee the Creatures live and move,
And are: All Glory to thy Love!

5 Thy Love ſuſtains the World it made,
Thy Love preſerves both Man and Beaſt,
Beneath thy Wing's almighty Shade
The Sons of Men ſecurely reſt;
And thoſe who haunt the hallow'd Place
Shall banquet on thy richeſt Grace.

Their

6 Their Souls ſhall drink the cryſtal Stream
Which ever iſſues from thy Throne:
Fountain of Joy and Bliſs ſupream,
Eternal Life and Thou art One,
To Us, to All ſo freely given,
The Light of Life, the Heaven of Heaven!

7 Stay then with thoſe that know thy Peace,
The ſimple Men of Heart ſincere,
From all their Foes and Sins releaſe,
From Pride and Luſt redeem them *here*,
Thine utmoſt ſaving Grace extend,
And love, O love them to the End.

8 The Prayer is ſeal'd: We now foreſee
The Downfall of our inbred Foes:
JESUS hath got the Victory,
His own Right-hand our Sins o'erthrows,
Deſtroy their Being with their Power:
They die, they fall to riſe no more.

PSALM LXV.

1 MY Heart is full of CHRIST, and longs
Its glorious Matters to declare!
Of Him I make my loftier Songs,
I cannot from his Praiſe forbear;
My ready Tongue makes haſte to ſing
The Beauties of my Heav'nly King.

2 Fairer than all the Earth-born Race,
Perfect in Comelineſs Thou art,
Repleniſh'd are thy Lips with Grace,
And full of Love thy tender Heart;
GOD ever bleſt, we bow the Knee,
And own all Fulneſs dwells in Thee.

3 Gird on thy Thigh the Spirit's Sword,
And take to Thee thy Pow'r Divine,
Stir up thy Strength, Almighty LORD,
All Pow'r and Majeſty are Thine,

Aſſert thy Worſhip and Renown,
O All-redeeming God come down.

4 Come, and maintain thy righteous Cauſe,
And let thy glorious Toil ſucceed,
Diſpread the Victory of thy Croſs.
Ride on and proſper in thy Deed,
Thro' Earth triumphantly ride on,
And reign in all our Hearts alone.

5 Still let the Word of Truth prevail,
The Goſpel of thy General Grace,
Of Mercy mild that ne'er ſhall fail,
Of everlaſting Righteouſneſs
Into the faithful Soul brought in,
To root out all the Seeds of Sin.

6 Terrible Things thine own Right-hand
Shall teach thy Greatneſs to perform:
Who in the vengeful Day can ſtand
Unſhaken by thine Anger's Storm
While riding on the Whirldwind's Wings,
They meet the Thundring King of Kings!

7 Sharp are the Arrows of thy Love,
And pierce the moſt obdurate Heart:
Their Point thine Enemies ſhall prove,
And ſtrangely fill'd with pleaſing Smart,
Fall down before thy Croſs ſubdu'd,
And feel thine Arrows dipt in Blood.

8 O God of Love, thy Sway we own,
Thy dying Love doth all controul;
Juſtice and Grace ſupport thy Throne,
Set up in every faithful Soul,
Stedfaſt it ſtands in them, and ſure,
When pure as Thou our God art pure.

9 Lover Thou art of Purity,
And hateſt every Spot of Sin,
Nothing profane can dwell with Thee,
Nothing unholy or unclean:
And therefore doth thy Father own
His glorious Likeneſs in his Son.

Therefore

10 Therefore He hath his Spirit ſhed,
Spirit of Joy, and Power, and Grace,
Immeaſurably on thy Head;
Firſt-born of all the choſen Race,
From Thee the ſacred Unction Springs
That makes thy Fellows Prieſts and Kings.

11 Sweet is the Odour of thy Name,
Thro' all the Means a Fragrance comes;
Thy Garments hide the Sinner's Shame,
Thy Garments ſhed Divine Perfumes,
That thro' the Ivory Palace flow,
The Church in which Thou reign'ſt below.

12 Thy heavenly Charms the Virgins move,
And bow them to thy pleaſing Sway;
They triumph in thy Princely Love,
Thy Will with all their Hearts obey,
Revere thine honourable Word,
The glorious-Handmaids of the LORD.

13 High above all at thy Right-hand
Adorn'd with each diviner Grace,
Thy fav'rite Queen exults to ſtand,
Thy Church her heavenly Charms diſplays,
Cloath'd with the Sun for Glory meet,
She ſees the Moon beneath her Feet.

14 Daughter of Heaven, tho' born on Earth,
Incline thy willing Heart and Ear,
Forget thy firſt ignoble Birth,
Thy People and thy Kinsfolk here,
So ſhall the King delight to ſee
His Beauties copied out on Thee.

15 He only is thy GOD and LORD,
Worſhip divine to Him be given,
By all the Hoſt of Heaven ador'd,
By every Creature under Heaven:
And all the Gentile World ſhall know,
And freely to his Service flow.

16 The Rich ſhall lay their Riches down,
And poor become for Jesu's Sake,
Kings at his Feet ſhall caſt their Crown,
And humble Suit for Mercy make,
(Mercy alike on all beſtow'd)
And languiſh to be great in God.

17 Are not his Servants Kings? and rule
They not o'er Hell, and Earth, and Sin?
His Daughter is divinely full
Of Christ, and glorious *all within*;
All-glorious inwardly ſhe reigns,
And not one Spot of Sin *remains*.

18 Cloath'd with Humility and Love,
With ev'ry daz'ling Virtue bright,
With Faith which God vouchſafes t' approve,
Precious in her great Father's Sight,
The Royal Maid with Joy ſhall come,
Triumphant to her Heavenly Home

19 Brought by his ſweet attracting Grace,
She firſt ſhall in his Sight appear,
In Holineſs behold his Face,
Made perfect with her Fellows *here*,
Spotleſs, and pure, a Virgin Train
They all ſhall in his Palace reign.

20 In lieu of Seers and Patriarchs old,
Of whom ſhe once did make her Boaſt,
The Virgin Mother ſhall behold
Her numerous Sons, a Princely Hoſt,
Inſtall'd o'er all the Earth abroad,
Anointed Kings, and Prieſts to God.

21 Thee, Jesus, King of Kings, and Lord
Of Lords, I glory to proclaim,
From Age to Age thy Praiſe record,
That all the World may learn thy Name:
And all ſhall ſoon thy Grace adore,
When Time and Sin ſhall be no more.

PSALM XLVII.

1 CLAP your Hands, ye People all,
Praiſe the GOD on whom ye call,
Lift your Voice, and ſhout his Praiſe,
Triumph in his Sovereign Grace.

2 Glorious is the LORD moſt high,
Terrible in Majeſty,
He his ſov'reign Sway maintains,
King o'er all the Earth he reigns.

3 He the People ſhall ſubdue,
Make us Kings and Conqu'rors too,
Force the Nations to ſubmit,
Bruiſe our Sins beneath our Feet.

4 He ſhall bleſs his ranſom'd Ones,
Number us with *Iſrael*'s Sons;
GOD our Heritage ſhall prove,
Give us all a Lot of Love.

5 JESUS is gone up on high,
Takes his Seat above the Sky;
Shout the Angel-Choirs aloud,
Ecchoing to the Trump of GOD!

6 Sons of Earth the Triumph join,
Praiſe Him with the Hoſt Divine,
Emulate the Heavenly Pow'rs,
Their victorious LORD is Ours.

7 Shout the GOD enthron'd above,
Trumpet forth his conqu'ring Love,
Praiſes to our JESUS ſing,
Praiſes to our glorious King!

8 Power is all to JESUS giv'n,
Power o'er Hell, and Earth, and Heav'n!
Power He now to Us imparts:
Praiſe Him with believing Hearts.

Hea-

9 Heathens He compels t'obey,
Saints He rules with mildeſt Sway,
Pure and holy Hearts alone
Chuſes for his quiet Throne.

10 Peace to them and Power He brings,
Makes his Subjects Prieſts and Kings,
Guards, while in his Worſhip join'd,
Bids them caſt the World behind.

11 On Himſelf He takes their Care,
Saves them not by Sword or Spear,
Safely to his Houſe they go,
Fearleſs of th' invading Foe.

12 God keeps off the hoſtile Bands,
God protects their happy Lands,
Stands, as Keeper of their Fields,
Stands as twice ten thouſand Shields.

13 Wonderful in Saving Power
Him let all our Hearts adore,
Earth and Heaven repeat the Cry,
Glory be to God moſt high!

Psalm LVI.

1 HAVE Mercy, Lord, for Man hath none!
From Day to Day he ſtill goes on
To ſwallow up his Prey:
My Foes continual Battles wage,
And ſtrive with unrelenting Rage
My helpleſs Soul to ſlay.

2 Dreadful in Number and in Pow'r
I ſee them ready to devour;
But when to Thee I cry,
Returns my Faith, retires my Fear,
I feel, I feel the Saviour near,
The Lord, the Lord moſt high!

Thro'

3 Thro' Thee I will thy Word proclaim,
And bleſs the mighty Jesu's Name,
In whom I ſtill confide;
Jesus is Good, and ſtrong, and True;
I will not fear what Man can do,
When God is on my Side.

4 They daily wreſt the Words I ſpeak,
In all their Thoughts my Ruin ſeek,
And cloſe in Ambuſh lie;
They mark my Steps, where'er I turn,
As not to reſt their Rage had ſworn,
Till by their Hands I die.

5 But Thou, O Lord, ſhall Vengeance take,
And caſt into the burning Lake
The Veſſels of thine Ire,
Who Thee, and all thy People hate,
Shall feel thy righteous Anger's Weight
In everlaſting Fire.

6 I now beneath their Fury groan,
But Thou haſt all my Suff'rings known,
The haſty Flights I took;
Thou treaſur'ſt up my counted Tears,
And all my Sighs, and Griefs, and Fears,
Are noted in thy Book.

7 Whenever on the Lord I cry,
My Foes I know, ſhall fear and fly,
For God is on my Side;
Thro' Thee I will thy Word proclaim,
And bleſs the mighty Jesu's Name,
And ſtill in Him confide.

8 In God I truſt, the Good, the True:
I will not fear what Fleſh can do,
For Jesus takes my Part;
I bleſs Thee, Saviour, for thy Grace,
Offer my Sacrifice of Praiſe,
And pay Thee all my Heart:

9 For Thou haſt ſav'd my Soul from Death,
From Sin, the World, and Hell beneath;
Thou haſt my Sins forgiven,
That I the glorious Light may ſee,
Walk before GOD, and perfect be,
And live the Life of Heaven.

PSALM LVII.

1 BE merciful, O GOD, to me,
To me who in thy Love confide;
To thy protecting Love I flee,
Beneath thy Wings my Soul I hide,
Till Satan's Tyranny is o'er,
And cruel Sin ſubſiſts no more.

2 To GOD will I in Trouble cry,
Who freely undertakes my Cauſe,
My GOD moſt merciful, and high,
Shall ſave me from the Lion's Jaws;
Deſtroy him ready to devour,
With all his Works and all his Pow'r.

3 The LORD out of his holy Place
His Mercy and his Truth ſhall ſend:
JESUS is full of Truth and Grace,
JESUS ſhall ſtill my Soul defend;
While in the Toils of Hell I lie,
And from the Den of Lions cry.

4 Among the Sons of Men I dwell,
Fierce as the wildeſt Beaſts of Prey,
Inflam'd with Rage like Fiends of Hell,
My Soul they ſeek to tare and ſlay:
As Spears their Teeth, as Darts their Words,
Their double Tongues are two-edg'd Swords.

5 Be Thou exalted, LORD, above
The higheſt Names in Earth and Heav'n,
Let Angels ſing thy glorious Love,
And bleſs the Name to ſinners giv'n,
All Earth and Heaven their King proclaim;
Bow every Knee to JESU's Name.

6 To Thee let all my Foes ſubmit,
Who hunt and bow my Spirit down;
Themſelves ſhall fall into their Pit,
Who ſeek my Death enſure their own;
Satan and Sin their Doom ſhall have,
And ſink into th' infernal Grave.

7 My Heart is fix'd, O God, my Heart
Is fix'd to triumph in thy Grace:
(Awake my Lute, and bear thy Part,)
My Glory is to ſing thy Praiſe,
Till of thy Nature I partake,
And bright in all thine Image wake.

8 Thee will I praiſe among thine own;
Thee will I to the World extol,
And make thy Truth and Goodneſs known;
Thy Goodneſs, Lord, is over all,
Thy Truth and Grace the Heavens tranſcend,
Thy faithful Mercies never end.

9 Be Thou exalted, Lord, above
The higheſt Names in Earth or Heaven,
Let Angels ſing thy glorious Love,
And bleſs the Name to Sinners given,
All Earth and Heaven their King proclaim;
Bow every Knee to Jesu's Name!

Psalm LXXXIV.

1 Lord of the Worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair,
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thy earthly Temples are!
To thine Abode my Heart aſpires,
With warm Deſires to ſee my God!

2 O happy Souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy Men that pay
Their conſtant Service there!

They praiſe Thee ſtill: And happy they
That love the Way to *Sion*'s Hill.

3 They go from Strength to Strength,
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in Heav'n appears.
O glorious Seat! Thou God our King
Shalt thither bring our willing Feet.

4 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With Gifts his Hands are fill'd,
We draw our Bleſſings thence:
He ſhall beſtow upon our Race
His ſaving Grace, and Glory too.

5 The Lord his People loves,
His Hand no Good witholds
From thoſe his Heart approves,
From holy, humble Souls.
Thrice happy he, O God of Hoſts,
Whoſe Spirit truſts alone in Thee!

Psalm LXXXIX.

1 THY Mercies, Lord, ſhall be my Song,
My Song on them ſhall ever dwell:
To Ages yet unborn my Tongue
Thy never failing Truth ſhall tell.

2 For thy ſtupendous Truth and Love,
Both Heaven and Earth juſt Praiſes owe,
By Choirs of Angels ſung above,
And by aſſembled Saints below.

3 What Seraph of celeſtial Birth
To vie with *Iſrael*'s God ſhall dare?
Or whom among the Gods of Earth,
With our Almighty Lord compare?

With

4 With Reverence and religious Dread
His Servants to his Houſe ſhould preſs:
His Fear thro' all their Hearts ſhould ſpread,
Who his Almighty Name confeſs.

5 Lord God of Armies, who can boaſt
Of Strength and Power, like thine renown'd?
Of ſuch a num'rous faithful Hoſt,
As that which does thy Throne ſurround?

6 Thou doſt the lawleſs Sea controul,
And change the Proſpect of the Deep:
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows roll,
Thou mak'ſt the rolling Billows ſleep.

7 In Thee the ſov'reign Right remains
Of Earth and Heav'n: Thee, Lord, alone
The World and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preſerver own.

8 Thy Arm is mighty, ſtrong thy Hand,
Yet, Lord, Thou doſt with Juſtice reign:
Poſſeſt of abſolute Command,
Thou Truth and Mercy doſt maintain!

Psalm C.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful Throne,
Ye Nations bow with ſacred Joy
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He deſtroy.

2 His ſovereign Power without our Aid,
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men;
And when like wand'ring Sheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy Gates with thankful Songs,
High as the Heavens our Voices raiſe;
And Earth with her ten thouſand Tongues
Shall fill thy Courts with ſounding Praiſe.

4 Wide as the World is thy Command,
Vaſt as Eternity thy Love:
Firm as a Rock thy Truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling Years ſhall ceaſe to move.

PSALM CIII.

1 MY Soul inſpired with ſacred Love,
GOD's holy Name for ever bleſs;
Of all his Favours mindful prove,
And ſtill thy greatful Thanks expreſs.

2 'Tis He that all thy Sins forgives,
And after Sickneſs makes thee ſound:
From Danger He thy Life retrieves,
By Him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

3 The LORD abounds with tender Love,
And unexampled Acts of Grace:
His waken'd Wrath doth ſlowly move,
His willing Mercy flies apace.

4 As high as Heaven its Arch extends,
Above this little ſpot of Clay,
So much his boundleſs Love tranſcends
The ſmall Regard that we can pay.

5 As far as 'tis from Eaſt to Weſt,
So far hath He our Sins remov'd;
Who with a Father's tender Breaſt
Hath ſuch as fear'd Him always lov'd.

6 The LORD, the univerſal King,
In Heaven hath fix'd his lofty Throne:
To Him, ye Angels, Praiſes ſing,
In whoſe great Strength his Praiſe is ſhewn.

7 Ye that his juſt Commands obey,
And hear and do his ſacred Will,
Ye Hoſts of his, this Tribute pay,
Who ſtill what He ordains fulfil.

Let

8 Let every Creature jointly bleſs
The mighty LORD: And thou, my Heart,
With grateful Joy thy Thanks expreſs;
And in this Concert bear thy Part.

PSALM CIV.

1 BLESS GOD, my Soul: Thou, LORD alone
Poſſeſſeſt Empire without Bounds!
With Honour Thou art crown'd: Thy Throne
Eternal Majeſty ſurrounds.

2 With Light Thou doſt Thyſelf enrobe,
And Glory for a Garment take:
Heav'n's Curtains ſtretch'd beyond the Globe,
Thy Canopy of State to make.

3 GOD builds on liquid Air, and forms
His Palace Chambers in the Skies;
The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms
The ſwift-wing'd Steeds on which He flies.

4 As bright as Flame, as ſwift as Wind,
His Miniſters Heav'n's Palace fill,
To have their ſundry Taſks aſſign'd,
All pleas'd to ſerve their Sov'reign's Will.

5 Earth, on her Centre fix'd, He ſet,
Her Face with Waters overſpread;
Nor proudeſt Mountains dar'd, as yet,
To lift above the Waves their Head.

6 But when thy awful Face appear'd,
Th' inſulting Waves diſpers'd; they fled,
When once thy Thunder's Voice they heard,
And by their Haſte confeſs'd their Dread.

7 Tence up by ſecret Tracts they creep,
And guſhing from the Mountain's Side,
Thro' Valleys travel to the Deep,
Appointed to receive their Tide.

8 There haſt Thou fix'd the Ocean's Bounds,
The threatning Surges to repel,
That they no more o'erpaſs their Mounds,
Nor to a ſecond Deluge ſwell.

Part the Second.

1 YET thence in ſmaller Parties drawn,
The Sea recovers her loſt Hills,
And ſtarting Springs from every Lawn
Surprize the Vale with plenteous Rills.

2 The Field's tame Beaſt are thither led,
Weary with Labour, faint with Drought,
And Aſſes on wild Mountains bred,
Have Senſe to find theſe Currents out.

3 Their ſhady Trees from ſcorching Beams
Yield Shelter to the feather'd Throng;
They drink, and for the bounteous Streams,
Return the Tribute of their Song.

4 Thy Rains from Heaven parch'd Hills recruit,
That ſoon tranſmit the liquid Store,
Till Earth is burthen'd with her Fruit,
And Nature's Lap can hold no more.

5 Graſs, for our Cattle to devour,
Thou mak'ſt the Growth of ev'ry Field;
Herbs for Man's Uſe of various Power,
That either Food or Phyſic yield.

6 With cluſter'd Grapes He crowns the Vine,
To chear Man's Heart oppreſs'd with Cares;
Gives Oil, that makes his Face to ſhine,
And Corn that waſted Strength repairs.

Part the Third.

1 THE Trees of God without the Care
Or Art of Man, with Sap are fed;
The Mountain-Cedar looks as fair
As thoſe in Royal Gardens bred.

2 Safe in the lofty Cedar's Arms
The Wand'rers of the Air may reſt,
The hoſpitable Pine from Harms
Protects the Stork, her pious Gueſt.

3 Wild Goats the craggy Rock aſcend,
Its tow'ring Heights their Fortreſs make,
Whoſe Sells in Labyrinths extend,
Where feebler Creatures Refuge take.

4 The Moon's inconſtant Aſpect ſhows
Th' appointed Seaſons of the Year;
Th' inſtructed Sun his Duty knows,
His Hour to riſe, and diſappear.

5 Darkneſs he makes the Earth to ſhroud,
When Foreſt-Beaſts ſecurely ſtray;
Young Lions roar their Wants aloud
To Providence that ſends them Prey.

6 They range all Night, on Slaughter bent,
Till ſummon'd by the riſing Morn,
To ſculk in Dens, with one Conſent,
The conſcious Ravagers return.

7 Forth to the Tillage of the Soil
The Huſbandman ſecurely goes,
Commencing with the Sun his Toil,
With him returns to his Repoſe.

8 How various, LORD, thy Works are found!
For which thy Wiſdom we adore;
The Earth is with thy Treaſure crown'd,
Till Nature's Hand can graſp no more.

Part the Fourth.

1 BUT ſtill the vaſt unfathom'd Main,
Of Wonders a new Scene ſupplies,
Whoſe Depths Inhabitants contain
Of every Form and every Size.

Full

2 Full freighted Ships from every Port
There cut their unmoleſted Way;
Leviathan, whom there to ſport
Thou mad'ſt, hath Compaſs there to play.

3 Theſe various Troops of Sea and Land
In Senſe of common Want agree;
All wait on thy diſpenſing Hand,
And have their daily Alms of Thee.

4 They gather what thy Stores diſperſe,
Without their Trouble to provide;
Thou ope'ſt thy Hand, the Univerſe,
The craving World is all ſupply'd.

5 Thou for a Moment hid'ſt thy Face,
The num'rous Ranks of Creatures mourn;
Thou tak'ſt their Breath, all Natures Race
Forthwith to Mother Earth return.

6 Again Thou ſend'ſt thy Spirit forth
T'inſpire the Maſs with vital Seed;
Nature's reſtor'd, and Parent Earth
Smiles on her new-created Breed.

7 Thus thro' ſucceſſive Ages ſtands
Firm fix'd thy providential Care;
Pleas'd with the Work of thy own Hands,
Thou doſt the Waſtes of Time repair.

8 One Look of Thine, one wrathful Look,
Earth's panting Breaſt with Terrors fills;
One Touch from Thee, with Clouds of Smoke,
In Darkneſs ſhrouds the proudeſt Hills.

9 In praiſing GOD, while He prolongs
My Breath, I will that Breath employ,
And join Devotion to my Songs,
Sincere as is in Him my Joy.

10 While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,
My Soul praiſe Thou his holy Name,
Till with my Song the liſt'ning World
Join Concert, and his Praiſe proclaim.

PSALM CXIII.

1 YE Saints and Servants of the LORD,
The Triumphs of his Name record,
His ſacred Name for ever bleſs;
Where'er the circling Sun diſplays
His riſing Beams or ſetting Rays,
Due Praiſe to his great Name addreſs.

2 GOD thro' the World extends his Sway,
The Regions of eternal Day
But Shadows of his Glory are,
With Him, whoſe Majeſty excels,
Who made the Heaven in which He dwells,
Let no created Power compare.

3 Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view
In higheſt Heaven what Angels do,
Yet He to Earth vouchſafes his Care;
He takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion of the greateſt there.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The GOD whom Heaven's triumphant Hoſt
And ſuffering Saints on Earth adore,
Be Glory as in Ages paſt,
As now it is, and ſo ſhall laſt
When Earth and Heaven ſhall be no more.

PSALM CXIV.

1 WHEN *Iſrael* freed from *Pharaoh*'s Hand,
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with chearful Homage own
Their King; and *Judah* was his Throne.

2 Acroſs the Deep their Journey lay;
The Deep divides to make them Way:
Jordan beheld their March and fled
With backward Current to his Head.

The

3 The Mountains ſhook like frighted Sheep:
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap:
Not *Sinai* on his Baſe could ſtand,
Conſcious of ſovereign Power at Hand.

4 What Power could make the Deep divide?
Make *Jordan* backward roll his Tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that *Sinai* feels?

5 Let every Mountain, every Flood
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of *Iſrael*: See Him here;
Tremble thou Earth; adore and Fear!

6 He Thunders, and all Nature mourns;
The Rock to ſtanding Pools he turns;
Flints ſpring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confeſs the Lord.

The ſame.

1 WHEN *Iſrael* out of *Egypt* came,
And left the proud Oppreſſor's Land,
Conducted by the Great I AM,
Safe in the Hollow of his Hand;
The Lord in *Iſrael* reign'd alone,
And *Judah* was his fav'rite Throne.

2 The Sea beheld his Power, and fled,
Diſparted by the wond'rous Rod,
Jordan ran backward to his Head,
And *Sinai* felt th' incumbent God,
The Mountains ſkip'd like frighted Rams,
The Hills leap'd after them as Lambs.

3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling Sea,
What Horror turn'd the River back?
Was Nature's God diſpleas'd at thee?
And why ſhould Hills and Mountains ſhake?
Ye Mountains huge, who ſkip'd like Rams,
Ye Hills who leap'd as frighted Lambs!

Earth

4 Earth tremble on with all thy Sons
In Preſence of thy awful LORD,
Whoſe Power inverted Nature owns,
Her only Law his ſovereign Word:
He ſhakes the Centre with his Nod,
And Heaven bows down to *Jacob*'s GOD.

5 Creation varied by his Hand
Th' Omnipotent JEHOVAH knows:
The Sea is turn'd to ſolid Land,
The Rock into a Fountain flows,
And all Things, as they change, proclaim
Their LORD eternally the ſame.

PSALM CXVI.

1 O THOU, who when I did complain,
Didſt all my Griefs remove,
O Saviour do not now diſdain
My humble Praiſe and Love.

2 Since Thou a pitying Ear didſt give,
And hear me when I pray'd,
I'll call upon Thee while I live,
And never doubt thy Aid.

3 Pale Death with all his gaſtly Train,
My Soul encompaſs'd round,
Anguiſh and Sin, and Dread, and Pain,
On ev'ry Side I found.

4 To Thee, O LORD of Life I pray'd,
And did for Succour flee:
O ſave, (in my Diſtreſs I ſaid)
The Soul that truſts in Thee!

5 How Good Thou art! How large thy Grace!
How eaſy to forgive!
The Helpleſs Thou delight'ſt to raiſe:
And by thy Love I live.

Then

6 Then, O my Soul, be never more
With anxious Thoughts diſtreſt,
GOD's bounteous Love doth thee reſtore
To Eaſe and Joy and Reſt.

7 My Eyes no longer drown'd in Tears,
My Feet from falling free,
Redeem'd from Death, and guilty Fears,
O LORD, I'll live to Thee!

PSALM CXVII.

1 YE Nations, who the Globe divide,
Ye num'rous Nations ſcatter'd wide,
To GOD your grateful Voices raiſe:
To all his boundleſs Mercies ſhown
His Truth to endleſs Ages known
Require our endleſs Love and Praiſe.

2 To Him who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son who deign'd to die,
Our Guilt and Errors to remove?
To that bleſt Spirit who Grace imparts,
Who rules in all Believing Hearts,
Be ceaſeleſs Glory, Praiſe, and Love!

PSALM CXVIII.

1 ALL Glory to our gracious LORD;
His Love be by his Church ador'd,
His Love eternally the ſame:
His Love let *Aaron*'s Sons confeſs,
His Free, and Everlaſting Grace
Let all that fear the LORD proclaim.

2 In Trouble on the LORD I cried,
And felt the pard'ning Word applied;
He anſwerd me in Peace and Power,
He pluck'd my Soul out of the Net,
In a large Place of Safety ſet,
And bad me go and ſin no more.

The

2 The LORD I now can ſay, is mine,
And confident in Strength Divine
Nor Men, nor Friends, nor Fleſh I fear:
JESUS the Saviour takes my Part,
And keeps the Iſſues of my Heart,
My Helper is for ever near.

Wherefore I ſoon my Wiſh ſhall ſee
On all who hate and ſtrive with me,
My full Redemption now draws nigh.
Mine Enemies ſhall all be ſlain,
And not one Spot of Sin remain;
Its Relicks ſhall for ever die.

3 Better it is in GOD to truſt,
In GOD the Good, the Strong, the Juſt,
Than a falſe, ſinful Child of Man;
Better in JESUS to confide
Than every other Prince beſide,
Who offer all their Helps in vain.

His All-ſufficient Help I found,
The hoſtile Nations compaſs'd Round,
And Him my Saviour I proclaim:
Hell, Earth, and Sin ſubdu'd I ſee;
I ſoon ſhall more than Conqueror be,
And all deſtroy thro' JESU's Name.

4 They kept me in on every Side,
Satan, the World, and Luſt, and Pride,
On every Side they kept me in:
Yet thro' the Name on which I call,
I ſurely ſhall deſtroy them all;
My LORD ſhall make an End of Sin.

Begirt with Hoſts of Enemies
Vexatious as thick ſwarming Bees,
Quench'd as a Blaze of Thorns I ſee
Their Fury's momentary Flame;
I all deſtroy thro' JESU's Name,
And live from Sin for ever free.

5 O Sin, my cruel Boſom Foe,
Oft haſt thou ſought my Soul t' o'erthrow,
And ſorely thruſt at me in vain:
In my Defence the Saviour ſtood,
Cover'd with his victorious Blood,
And arm'd my ſprinkled Heart again.

Righteous I am in Him, and ſtrong,
He is become my joyful Song,
My Saviour and Salvation too:
I triumph thro' his mighty Grace,
And pure in Heart ſhall ſee his Face,
And riſe in CHRIST a Creature new.

6 The Voice of Joy, and Love, and Praiſe,
And Thanks for his redeeming Grace
Among the Juſtified is found:
With Songs that rival thoſe above,
With Shouts proclaiming JESU's Love,
Both Day and Night their Tents reſound.

The LORD's Right-hand hath Wonders wrought,
Above the Reach of Human Thought,
The LORD's Right-hand exalted is;
We ſee it ſtill ſtretch'd out to ſave,
The Power of GOD in CHRIST we have,
And JESUS is the Prince of Peace.

7 I ſhall not die in Sin, but live,
To CHRIST my LORD the Glory give,
His Miracles of Grace declare,
When He the Work of Faith hath done,
When I have put his Image on,
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.

The LORD hath ſorely chaſten'd me,
And bruis'd for mine Iniquity,
Yet Mercy would not give me up,
Caught from the Jaws of ſecond Death,
Pluck'd out of the Devourer's Teeth,
He bids me now rejoice in Hope.

8 Open the Gates of Righteouſneſs,
Receive me into CHRIST my Peace,
That I his Praiſes may record;
He is the Truth, the Life, the Way,
The Portal of Eternal Day,
The Gate of Heaven is CHRIST my LORD.

Thro' Him the Juſt ſhall enter in,
Sav'd to the Uttermoſt from Sin:
Already ſav'd from all its Pow'r:
The LORD my Righteouſneſs I praiſe,
And calmly wait the perfect Grace,
When born of GOD I ſin no more.

9 JESUS is lifted up on high,
Whom Man refus'd and doom'd to die,
He is become the Corner-Stone,
Head of the Church He lives and reigns,
His Kingdom over all maintains,
High on his Everlaſting Throne,

The LORD th' amazing Work hath wrought,
Hath from the Dead our Shepherd brought,
Reviv'd on the third glorious Day:
This is the Day our GOD hath made,
The Day for Sinners to be glad
In Him who bears their Sins away.

10 Thee, LORD, with joyful Lips we praiſe,
Now, ſend us now thy ſaving Grace,
Make this the acceptable Hour:
Our Hearts would now receive Thee in;
Enter, and make an End of Sin,
And bleſs us with the perfect Pow'r.

Bleſs us, that we may call Thee bleſt,
Sent down from Heaven to give us Reſt,
Thy gracious Father to proclaim,
His ſinleſs Nature to impart,
In every new, believing Heart
To manifeſt his glorious Name.

11 God is the Lord that shews us Light,
Then let us render Him his Right,
The Offerings of a thankful Mind,
Present our living Sacrifice,
And to his Cross in closest Ties
With Cords of Love our Spirit bind.

Thou art my God, and Thee I praise,
Thou art my God, I sing thy Grace,
And call Mankind t' extol thy Name:
All Glory to our gracious Lord,
His Name be prais'd, his Love ador'd,
Thro' all Eternity the same.

Psalm CXXI.

1 TO the Hills I lift mine Eyes,
The everlasting Hills,
Streaming thence in fresh Supplies,
My Soul the Spirit feels:
Will He not his Help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given:
God comes down: The God and Lord
That made both Earth and Heaven.

2 Faithful Soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble Steps shall stay,
Nor suffer Thee to slide:
Lean on thy Redeemer's Breast,
He thy quiet Spirit keeps,
Rest in Him, securely rest;
Thy Watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither Sin, nor Earth, nor Hell,
Thy Keeper can surprize,
Careless Slumber cannot steel
On his All-seeing Eyes:
He is *Israel*'s sure Defence;
Israel all his Care shall prove,
Kept by watchful Providence,
And ever-waking Love.

4 See the LORD thy Keeper ſtand
Omnipotently near:
Lo! He holds Thee by thy Hand,
And baniſhes thy Fear;
Shadows with his Wings thy Head,
Guards from all impending Harms;
Round thee and beneath are ſpread
The everlaſting Arms.

5 Thee in Evil's ſcorching Day,
The Sun ſhall never ſmite:
Thee the Moon's maligneſt Ray
Shall never blaſt by Night:
Safe from known or ſecret Foes,
Free from Sin and Satan's Thrall,
GOD, when Fleſh, Earth, Hell oppoſe,
Shall keep thee ſafe from all.

6 CHRIST ſhall bleſs thy going out,
Shall bleſs thy coming in,
Kindly compaſs thee about,
Till thou art ſav'd from Sin;
Like thy ſpotleſs Maſter thou,
Fill'd with Wiſdom, Love, and Power,
Holy, pure, and perfect now,
Henceforth, and evermore.

PSALM CXXII.

1 O How overjoy'd was I,
When the ſolemn Hour drew nigh!
Summon'd to the Houſe of Prayer,
Flew my Soul to worſhip there.

2 Come, my chearful Brethren ſaid,
Let us go with holy Speed;
Let us haſte with one Accord
To the Temple of our LORD.

2 Running at his kind Command,
There our ready Feet ſhall ſtand,
Still within the ſacred Gate
Will we for his Mercy wait;

Love the Channels of his Grace,
Reverence the hallow'd Place;
Where our LORD records his Name,
Stay we in *Jeruſalem*.

3 GOD hath built his Church below,
Labour'd all his Art to ſhew;
Each with each the Parts agree,
Fram'd in perfect Symmetry.

There the choſen Tribes go up,
Teſtify their Goſpel-Hope,
Praiſe, and bleſs th' Incarnate Word,
Shout the Name of CHRIST the LORD!

4 There are *Aaron*'s miter'd Sons,
There th' apoſtolic Thrones!
Moſes' legiſlative Chair,
GOD's great Hierarchy's there.

Pray, my Friends, and never ceaſe,
Wreſtle on for *Sion*'s Peace:
Make her ſtill your pious Care,
On your Hearts for ever bear.

5 Hail the venerable Name,
Lovely, dear *Jeruſalem!*
Thee who bleſs, ſhall bleſſed be,
Proſper for their Love to Thee.

Dwell within thy Ramparts Peace,
Plenty deck thy Palaces,
JESUS ſend thee from above
All the Treaſures of his Love.

6 For my Friends and Brethren's Sake,
Thee my deareſt Charge I make,
England's des'late Church be mine,
Sion, all my Soul be Thine.

O thou Temple of my GOD,
For thy Sake I ſpend my Blood,
Longing here thy Riſe to ſee,
Glad to live, and die for Thee.

PSALM CXXIII.

1 O THOU that on thine Heav'nly Throne
Doſt undiſturb'd for ever reign,
To Thee a Worm of Earth I groan,
To Thee I lift my Eyes in Pain,
And weary of my Burden pray,
Thy Love to take this Curſe away.

2 As Servants whom their LORD chaſtiſe,
Beneath the Scourge impatient ſtand,
So on the LORD we turn our Eyes,
And wait till Mercy ſtops his Hand;
Till all his grievous Plagues remove,
And angry Juſtice yields to Love.

3 Have Mercy, LORD, the World reſtrain,
The Wicked is a Scourge of Thine:
Cruſh'd by the Pride of carnal Man,
Dire Inſtrument of Wrath Divine.
Our Soul in helpleſs Miſery lies,
And only Thou can'ſt bid us riſe.

4 Contemn'd and hated for thy Cauſe,
Thy only Favour we implore;
Strengthen us to endure the Croſs,
Till all their Tyranny is o'er,
Till CHRIST with our Reward comes down
And ev'ry Sufferer takes his Crown.

PSALM CXXIV.

1 HAD not the LORD for *Iſrael* ſtood,
When Men and Fiends againſt us roſe,
Stretch'd out his Hand, and ſtem'd the Flood,
And ſtopt the Fury of our Foes,
Our Foes had ſwallow'd up their Prey,
And torn our Shield and Souls away.

Had

2 Had not the LORD we now may cry,
Appear'd his People to ſuſtain,
The threat'ning Floods that daſh'd the Sky,
Had whirl'd us down to Hell again;
O'erwhelm'd us in the Gulph beneath,
And plung'd our Souls in endleſs Death.

3 But GOD hath quell'd their angry Pride,
And kept us in our evil Hour,
His Name we bleſt and glorify'd,
He hath not left us to their Pow'r,
His Word reſtrain'd their lawleſs Will,
And bad the raging Sea be ſtill.

4 He pluck'd the Prey out of their Teeth;
Our Souls have 'ſcap'd the Fowler's Snare,
Broke thro' the Toils of Sin and Death;
And lo! our Helper we declare,
The LORD of Heav'n and Earth proclaim,
And bleſs th'Almighty JESU's Name.

PSALM CXXV.

1 WHO in the LORD confide,
And feel his ſprinkled Blood,
In Storms and Hurricanes abide
Firm as the Mount of GOD:
Stedfaſt, and fixt, and ſure
His *Sion* cannot move,
His faithful People ſtand ſecure
In JESU's Guardian Love.

2 As round *Jeruſalem*
The hilly Bulwarks riſe,
So GOD protects and covers them
From all their Enemies:
On every Side He ſtands,
And for his *Iſrael* cares,
And ſafe in his Almighty Hands
Their Souls for ever bears.

For

3 For lo! the reign of Hell
And helliſh Men is o'er,
They can perſuade, they can compel
The Juſt to ſin no more:
To Devils, Men, or Sin
They need no more give Place,
Nor ever touch the Thing unclean
When cleans'd by pard'ning Grace.

4 But let them ſtill abide
In Thee, All-gracious LORD,
Till ev'ry Soul is ſanctify'd,
And perfectly reſtor'd.
The Men of Heart ſincere
Continue to defend,
And do them Good, and ſave them here,
And love them to the End.

5 Who to their Sins draw back,
And love again to ſtray,
The narrow Path of Life forſake,
And throng the ſpacious Way,
Back to their Vomit turn,
And fall from pard'ning Grace;
The LORD to puniſh them hath ſworn,
And drive them from his Face.

6 But Peace, and Pow'r and Love
Shall *Iſrael*'s Portion be,
They all his Promiſes ſhall prove,
And all his Goodneſs ſee,
Holy and pure in Heart
Obtain the perfect Pow'r:
They can no more from GOD depart
When they can ſin no more.

PSALM

PSALM CXXVI.

1 WHEN our redeeming LORD
Pronounc'd the pard'ning Word,
Turn'd our Soul's Captivity,
O what ſweet Surprize we found!
Wonder aſk'd, "And can it be!"
Scarce believ'd the welcome Sound.

2 And is it not a Dream?
And are we ſav'd thro' Him?
Yes, our bounden Heart replied,
Yes, broke out our joyful Tongue,
Freely we are juſtify'd;
This the new, the Goſpel-ſong!

3 The Heathen too could ſee
Our glorious Liberty:
All our Foes were forc'd to own,
GOD for them hath Wonders wrought:
Wonders He for us hath done,
From the Houſe of Bondage brought.

4 To us our gracious GOD
His pard'ning Love hath ſhew'd,
Now our joyful Souls are free
From the Guilt and Power of Sin,
Greater Things we ſoon ſhall ſee,
We ſhall ſoon be pure within.

5 Turn us again, O LORD,
Pronounce the ſecond Word,
Looſe our Hearts, and let us go
Down the Spirit's fulleſt Flood,
Freely to the Fountain flow,
All be ſwallow'd up in GOD.

6 Who for thy Coming wait,
And wail their loſt Eſtate,
Poor, and ſad, and empty ſtill,
Who for full Redemption weep,

They

They ſhall thy Appearing ſee,
Sow in Tears, in Joy to reap.

7 Who ſeed immortal bears,
And wets his Path with Tears,
Doubtleſs he ſhall ſoon return,
Bring his Sheaves with vaſt Increaſe,
Fully of the Spirit born,
Perfected in Holineſs.

PSALM CXXVIII.

1 BLEST is the Man that fears the LORD,
And walks in all his Ways,
An Earneſt of his great Reward,
On Earth his Maſter pays.

2 Thou ſhalt not ſpend thy Strength in vain
For periſhable Food,
Thy Father ſhall his own ſuſtain,
And fill thy Soul with Good.

3 Happy in Him thy Soul ſhall be,
And on his Fulneſs Feed,
JESUS who came from Heav'n for thee
Shall be thy living Bread.

4 Thy Wife ſhall as the fruitful Vine
Her blooming Offspring ſhew,
Thy Children ſhall be GOD's, not thine,
His pleaſant Plants below.

5 Around thy plenteous Table ſpread
Like Olive-Branches fair,
Heav'n-ward they in thy Steps ſhall tread,
And meet their Parents there.

6 Thus ſhall the Man be bleſt who owns
His Maker for his LORD:
Or doubly bleſt with better Sons
Begotten by the Word.

The

7 The Children of thy Faith and Prayer,
Thy joyful Eyes ſhall ſee,
Shall ſee the proſp'rous Church and ſhare
In her Proſperity.

8 *Sion* again ſhall lift her Head,
And flouriſh all thy Days,
Thy Soul ſhall ſee the faithful Seed,
And bleſs the riſing Race.

9 Fill'd with the abiding Peace divine,
With *Iſrael*'s Bleſſing bleſt,
Thou then the Church above ſhalt join,
And gain the Heav'nly Reſt.

PSALM CXXXI.

1 LORD, if Thou the Grace impart,
Poor in Spirit, meek in Heart,
I ſhall as my Maſter be
Rooted in Humility.

2 From the Time that Thee I know,
Nothing ſhall I ſeek below,
Aim at nothing Great or High,
Lowly both my Heart and Eye.

3 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Aw'd into a little Child,
Quiet now without my Food,
Wean'd from ev'ry Creature-Good,

4 Hangs my new-born Soul on Thee,
Kept from all Idolatry,
Nothing wants beneath, above,
Happy, happy in thy Love.

5 O that all might ſeek and find.
Ev'ry Good in JESUS join'd,
Him let *Iſrael* ſtill adore,
Truſt Him, praiſe Him evermore!

PSALM CXXXII.

1 REMEMBER LORD, the pious Zeal
Of every Soul that cleaves to Thee,
The Troubles for thy Sake they feel,
Their eager Hopes thy Houſe to ſee;
Their Vows to cry, and never reſt,
Till Thou art in thy Church ador'd,
And dwell'ſt in ev'ry faithful Breaſt,
And count'ſt them worthy of their LORD.

2 We too the joyful Sound have heard
That GOD is coming to his Place
Here in the Wilderneſs prepar'd;
Our LORD his ruin'd Church ſhall raiſe.
For this our willing Soul ſhall go,
And lowly at his Footſtool lye,
Where'er his Tent is pitch'd below,
And for a glorious Temple cry.

3 Ariſe, O LORD, into thy Reſt,
Thou, and thy Ark of perfect Power,
GOD over all, for ever bleſt,—
Thee, JESUS, let our Hearts adore.
Thy Prieſts be cloath'd with Righteouſneſs,
Thy Praiſe their happy Lives employ,
The Saints in Thee their All poſſeſs,
And ſhout the Sons of GOD for Joy.

4 O for thy Love, thy JESU's Sake,
Us, thine anointed Ones receive,
In the Belov'd accepted make,
And bid us to thy Glory live.
The LORD hath ſworn in Righteouſneſs,
And ſeal'd the Cov'nant with his Son,
I will thy faithful Seed increaſe,
And 'ſtabliſh them on *David*'s Throne.

5 If in my Word thy Children ſtay,
And in their Saviour's Footſteps tread,

The glorious Goſpel-Truth obey,
The Truth ſhall make them free indeed.
Renew'd and Sanctify'd by Grace,
The Pillars ſhall no more remove,
An holy, choſen, perfect Race,
Enthron'd in everlaſting Love.

6 For lo! the LORD a Seed hath choſe,
His Grace and Glory to diſplay,
His own peculiar People thoſe
Whoe'er the Goſpel-Call obey.
Sion, he ſaith, my Reſt ſhall be,
The Faithful ſhall my Preſence feel,
I long for All, who long for Me,
And will in them for ever dwell.

7 I will increaſe their gracious Store,
My *Sion* every Moment feed,
And ſatisfy the hungry Poor,
And fill their Souls with living Bread:
With Garments of Salvation deck
Her Prieſts, and cloath with Robes of Praiſe,
Her Saints their Joy aloud ſhall ſpeak,
And ſhout my all-ſufficient Grace.

8 There ſhall the Horn of *David* bud,
There I have ſet the Lamp Divine,
The Wiſdom and the Power of GOD,
In mine anointed Son ſhall ſhine.
MESSIAS on my Throne ſhall ſit
Supream till all his Foes are ſlain,
Till Death expires beneath his Feet,
The Sinner's Advocate ſhall reign.

PSALM CXXXIII.

1 BEHOLD how good a Thing
It is to dwell in Peace,
How pleaſing to our King
This Fruit of Righteouſneſs.

When

When Brethren all in One agree;
Who knows the Joys of Unity!

2 When All are ſweetly join'd,
(True Followers of the Lamb,
The ſame in Heart and Mind,)
And think and ſpeak the ſame,
And all in Love together dwell;
The Comfort is unſpeakable.

3 Where Unity takes Place,
The Joys of Heaven we prove;
This is the Goſpel-Grace,
The Unction from above,
The Spirit on all Believers ſhed,
Deſcending ſwift from CHRIST our Head.

4 Where Unity is found,
The ſweet anointing Grace
Extends to all around,
And conſecrates the Place;
To every waiting Soul it comes,
And fills it with divine Perfumes.

5 JESUS, our great High-Prieſt,
For us the Gift receiv'd,
For us, and all the reſt,
Who have in Him believ'd;
Forth from our Head the Bleſſing goes,
And all his ſeamleſs Coat o'erflows.

6 On all his choſen Ones
The precious Oil comes down:
It runs, and as it runs,
It ever will run on,
Even to his Skirts—the meaneſt Name
That longs to love the bleeding Lamb.

7 From *Aaron*'s Beard it rolls
(Thoſe neareſt to his Face)
The humble, trembling Souls,
Who feebly ſue for Grace;

I know

I know the Grace for All is free,
For lo! it reaches now to me.

8 Grace every Morning new,
And every Night we feel,
The ſoft refreſhing Dew,
That falls from *Hermon*'s Hill;
On *Sion* it doth ſweetly fall,
The Grace of One deſcends on All.

9 Ev'n now our LORD doth pour
The Bleſſing from above,
A kindly gracious Shower
Of heart-reviving Love,
The Former and the latter Rain,
The Love of GOD, and Love of Man.

10 In Him when Brethren join,
And follow after Peace,
The Fellowſhip Divine
He promiſes to bleſs,
His chiefeſt Graces to beſtow,
Where Two or Three are met below.

11 The Riches of his Grace,
In Fellowſhip are given,
To *Sion*'s choſen Race,
The Citizens of Heaven:
He fills them with his choiceſt Store,
He gives them Life for evermore.

PSALM CXXXIV.

1 YE Servants of GOD, Whoſe diligent Care,
Is ever employ'd In Watching and Pray'r,
With Praiſes unceaſing Your JESUS proclaim,
Rejoicing and bleſſing His excellent Name.

2 'Tis JESUS commands, Come all to his Houſe,
And lift up your Hands, And pay Him your Vows;
And while ye are giving Your Maker his Due,
The LORD out of Heaven Shall ſanctify you.

PSALM CXXXIX.

1 THOU, LORD, by ſtricteſt Search haſt known
My riſing up and lying down;
My ſecret Thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

2 Thine Eye my Bed and Path ſurveys,
My public Haunts, and private Ways:
Thou know'ſt what 'tis my Lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd Words Intent.

3 Surrounded by thy Power I ſtand,
On every Side I find thy Hand.
O Skill, for human Reach too high!
Too dazling bright for mortal Eye!

4 O could I ſo perfidious be,
To think of once deſerting Thee!
Where, LORD, could I thy Influence ſhun,
Or whether from thy Preſence run?

5 If up to Heaven I take my Flight,
'Tis there Thou dwell'ſt, enthron'd in Light:
If down to Hell's infernal Plains,
'Tis there Almighty Vengeance reigns.

6 If I the Morning's Wings could gain,
And fly beyond the weſtern Main;
Thy ſwifter Hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy Fugitive.

7 Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy Sight,
Beneath the ſable Wings of Night;
One Glance from Thee, one piercing Ray
Would kindle Darkneſs into Day.

8 The Veil of Night is no Diſguiſe,
No Screen from thy all-ſearching Eyes:
Thro' Midnight Shades Thou find'ſt the Way,
As in the blazing Noon of Day.

9 Thou know'ſt the Texture of my Heart,
My Reins, and every vital Part;
Each ſingle Thread in Nature's Loom
By Thee was cover'd in the Womb.

10 I'll praiſe Thee from whoſe Hands I came,
A Work of ſuch a curious Frame;
The Wonders Thou in me haſt ſhewn,
My Soul with grateful Joy ſhall own.

11 Thine Eye my Subſtance did ſurvey
While yet a lifeleſs Maſs it lay;
In ſecret how exactly wrought,
E'er from its dark Incloſure brought.

12 Thou didſt the ſhapeleſs Embryo ſee,
Its Parts were regiſter'd by Thee;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

13 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That ſince the Maze of Life I trod,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me ſurmount
The Power of Numbers to recount.

14 Search, try, O Lord, my Reins and Heart,
If Evil lurk in any Part;
Correct me where I go aſtray,
And guide me in the perfect Way.

Psalm CXLV. 7, &c.

1 SWEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let Age to Age thy Righteouſneſs
In Sounds of Glory ſing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His Goodneſs to the Skies;
Thro' the whole Earth his Goodneſs ſhines,
And ev'ry Want ſupplies.

With

3 With longing Eye thy Creatures wait
On Thee, for daily Food;
Thy lib'ral Hand provides them Meat,
And fills their Mouths with Good.

4 How kind, are thy Compaſſions, LORD!
How ſlow thine Anger moves!
But ſoon He ſends his pard'ning Word,
To chear the Soul He loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endleſs Race,
Thy Power and Praiſe proclaim:
But we, who taſte thy richer Grace,
Delight to bleſs thy Name.

Part the Second, Ver. 14. *&c.*

1 LET every Tongue thy Goodneſs ſpeak,
Thou ſov'reign LORD of all!
Thy ſtrength'ning Hands uphold the Weak,
And raiſe the Poor that fall.

2 When Sorrow bows the Spirit down,
Or Virtue lies diſtreſt,
Beneath the proud Oppreſſor's Frown,
Thou giv'ſt the Mourner Reſt.

3 The LORD ſupports our infant Days,
And guides our giddy Youth;
Holy and juſt are all thy Ways,
And all thy Words are Truth.

4 Thou know'ſt the Pains thy Servants feel,
Thou hear'ſt thy Children cry,
And their beſt wiſhes to fulfil
Thy Grace is ever nigh.

5 Thy Mercy never ſhall remove
From Men of Hearts ſincere;
Thou ſav'ſt the Souls, whoſe humble Love
Is join'd with holy Fear.

My

6 My Lips ſhall dwell upon thy Praiſe,
And ſpread thy Fame abroad:
Let all the Sons of Adam raiſe
The Honours of their God.

Psalm CXLVI.

1 I'LL praiſe my Maker while I've Breath,
And when my Voice is loſt in Death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler Powers;
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While Life and Thought and Being laſt,
Or Immortality endures.

2 Happy the Man whoſe Hopes rely
On *Iſrael*'s God: He made the Sky,
And Earth and Seas, with all their Train:
His Truth for ever ſtands ſecure;
He ſaves th' Oppreſt; He feeds the Poor,
And none ſhall find his Promiſe vain.

3 The Lord pours Eye-ſight on the Blind,
The Lord ſupports the fainting Mind;
He ſends the labouring Conſcience Peace,
He helps the Stranger in Diſtreſs,
The Widow and the Fatherleſs,
And grants the Priſoner ſweet Releaſe.

4 I'll praiſe Him while He lends me Breath,
And when my Voice is loſt in Death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler Powers;
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While Life and Thought and Being laſt,
Or Immortality endures.

Psalm CXLVII.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raiſe
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praiſe;
His Nature and his Works invite
To make this Duty our Delight.

He

2 He form'd the Stars, thoſe heav'nly Flames,
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names:
His Wiſdom's vaſt, and knows no Bound,
A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

3 Great is the LORD, and great his might,
And all his Glories infinite:
He crowns the Meek, rewards the Juſt,
And treads the Wicked to the Duſt.

4 Sing to the LORD, exalt Him high,
Who ſpreads his Clouds around the Sky;
There He prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops deſcend in vain.

5 He makes the Graſs the Hills adorn,
And clothes the ſmiling Fields with Corn:
The Beaſts with Food his Hands ſupply,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

6 What is the Creature's Skill or Force?
The ſprightly Man or warlike Horſe?
The piercing Wit, the active Limb:
All are too mean Delights for Him.

7 But Saints are lovely in his Sight,
He views his Children with Delight;
He ſees their Hope, He knows their Fear,
And looks and loves his Image there.

8 Praiſe GOD from whom all Bleſſings flow;
Praiſe Him all Creatures here below;
Praiſe Him above, ye heavenly Hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1 LET every Creature join
To praiſe th' eternal GOD,
Ye heavenly Hoſts the Song begin,
And ſound his Name abroad.

The

2 The Sun with golden Beams,
And Moon with paler Rays,
Ye ſtarry Lights, ye ſparkling Flames.
Shine to your Maker's Praiſe.

3 He built thoſe Worlds above,
And fixt their wond'rous Frame,
By his Command they ſtand or move,
And ever ſpeak his Name.

4 Ye Vapours when ye riſe
Or fall in Show'rs or Snow,
Ye Thunders murm'ring round the Skies,
His Power and Glory ſhew.

5 Wind, Hail and flaſhing Fire,
Agree to praiſe the LORD,
When ye in vengeful Storms conſpire
To execute his Word.

6 By all his Works above
His Honours be expreſt:
But thoſe who taſte his ſaving Love
Should ſing his Praiſes beſt.

Part the Second.

1 LET Earth and Ocean know,
They owe their Maker Praiſe:
Praiſe Him, ye watry Worlds below,
And Monſters of the Seas.

2 From Mountains near the Sky,
Let his loud Praiſe reſound;
From humble Shrubs and Cedars high,
And Vales and Fields around.

3 Ye Lions of the Wood,
And tamer Beaſts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily Food,
And He expects your Praiſe.

Ye

4 Ye Birds of lofty Wing,
On high his Praiſes bear;
Or ſit on flow'ry Boughs and ſing
Your Maker's Glory there.

5 Ye creeping Ants and Worms,
His various Wiſdom ſhow;
And Flies in all your ſhining Forms,
Praiſe Him that dreſt you ſo.

6 By all the Earth-born Race
His Honours be expreſs'd:
But thoſe that know his heavenly Grace
Should learn to praiſe Him beſt.

Part the Third.

1 MONARCHS of wide Command,
Praiſe ye th' eternal King;
Judges adore that ſovereign Hand,
Whence all your Honours ſpring.

2 Let vig'rous Youth engage
To ſound his Praiſes high:
While growing Babes, and with'ring Age
Their feeble Voices try.

3 United Zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous Fame to raiſe:
GOD is the LORD; his Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe.

4 Let Nature join with Art,
And both pronounce Him bleſt;
But Saints who dwell ſo near his Heart,
Should ſing his Praiſes beſt.

The Same.

1 YE boundleſs Realms of Joy,
Exalt your Maker's Fame;
His Praiſe your Song employ,
Above the ſtarry Frame.
Your Voices raiſe ye Cherubim
And Seraphim, to ſing his Praiſe.

2 Thou Moon that rul'ſt the Night,
And Sun that guid'ſt the Day;
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,
To Him your Homage pay.
His Praiſe declare, ye Heavens above,
And Clouds that move in liquid Air.

3 Let them adore the LORD,
And praiſe his holy Name,
By whoſe Almighty Word,
They all from Nothing came,
And all ſhall laſt from Changes free;
His firm Decree ſtands ever faſt.

4 Let Earth her Tribute pay;
Praiſe Him, ye dreadful Whales,
And Fiſh that thro' the Sea
Glide ſwift with glitt'ring Scales.
Fire, Hail and Snow, and miſty Air,
And Winds that where He bids them blow.

5 By Hills and Mountains (all
In grateful Concert join'd;)
By Cedars ſtately tall,
And Trees for Fruit deſign'd:
By every Beaſt and creeping Thing,
And Fowl of Wing, his Name be bleſt.

6 Let all of royal Birth,
With thoſe of humbler Frame,
And Judges of the Earth,
His matchleſs Praiſe proclaim:
In this Deſign let Youth with Maids,
And hoary Heads with Children join.

7 United Zeal be ſhewn,
His wond'rous Fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe.
Earth's utmoſt Ends his Pow'r obey,
His glorious Sway the Sky tranſcends.

8 His choſen Saints to grace,
He ſets them up on high,
And favours all their Race,
Whoſe Hearts to Him are nigh:
O therefore raiſe your grateful Voice,
And ſtill rejoice your LORD to praiſe.

The Same.

YE who dwell above the Skies,
Free from human Miſeries;
Ye, whom higheſt Heaven imbow'rs,
Praiſe the LORD with all your Pow'rs.

Angels, your clear Voices raiſe;
Him ye heavenly Armies praiſe;
Sun and Moon with borrow'd Light,
All ye ſparkling Eyes of Night.

Waters hanging in the Air,
Heaven of Heavens his Praiſe declare;
His deſerved Praiſe record;
His, who made you by his Word.

Let the Earth his Praiſe reſound;
Monſtrous Whales, and Seas profound;
Vapours, Lightning, Hail and Snow,
Storms which, where he bids you, blow;

Flow'ry Hills and Mountains high;
Cedars, Neighbours to the Sky:
Trees and Cattle, creeping Things;
All that cut the Air with Wings.

You, who awful Scepters ſway,
You, accuſtom'd to obey,
Princes, Judges of the Earth,
All of high and humble Birth:

Youths and Virgins flouriſhing
In the Beauty of your Spring;
Ye, who were but born of late,
Ye, who bow with Age's Weight:

Praiſe his Name with one Conſent:
O how great! how excellent!
Than the Earth profounder far;
Higher than the higheſt Star.

He will His to Glory raiſe;
Ye, his Saints reſound his Praiſe:
Ye, his Sons, his choſen Race,
Bleſs his Love, and ſov'reign Grace.

The Same.

1 PRAISE ye the LORD, y'immortal Choir,
That fill the Realms above;
Praiſe Him who form'd you of his Fire,
And feeds you with his Love.

2 Shine to his Praiſe, ye chryſtal Skies,
The Floor of his Abode:
Or veil in Shades your thouſand Eyes,
Before your brighter GOD.

3 Thou reſtleſs Globe of golden Light,
Whoſe Beams create our Days,
Join with the ſilver Queen of Night,
To own your borrow'd Rays.

4 Winds, ye ſhall bear his Name aloud,
Thro' the etherial Blue;
For when his Chariot is a Cloud,
He makes his Wheels of You.

Thun-

5 Thunder and Hail and Fires and Storms,
The Troops of his Command,
Appear in all your dreadful Forms,
And ſpeak his awful Hand.

6 Shout to the LORD, ye ſurging Seas,
In your eternal Roar;
Let Wave to Wave reſound his Praiſe,
And Shore reply to Shore.

7 While Monſters ſporting on the Flood,
In ſcaly Silver ſhine,
Speak terribly their Maker GOD,
And laſh the foaming Brine.

8 But gentler Things ſhall tune his Name,
To ſofter Notes than theſe,
Young Zephyrs breathing o'er the Stream,
Or whiſp'ring thro' the Trees.

9 Wave your tall Heads, ye lofty Pines,
To Him that bids you grow;
Sweet Cluſters bend the fruitful Vines
On ev'ry thankful Bough.

10 Let the ſhrill Birds his Honour raiſe,
And climb the Morning Sky;
While grov'ling Beaſts attempt his Praiſe
In hoarſer Harmony.

11 Thus while the meaner Creatures ſing,
Ye Mortals, take the Sound;
Echo the Glories of your King
Thro' all the Nations round.

PSALM CL.

1 PRAISE the LORD, who reigns above,
And keeps his Court below,
Praiſe the holy GOD of Love,
And all his Greatneſs ſhew:

Praiſe Him for his noble Deeds,
Praiſe Him for his matchleſs Power:
Him from whom all Good proceeds,
Let Earth and Heaven adore.

2 Publiſh, ſpread to All around
The great JEHOVAH's Name,
Let the Trumpet's martial Sound
THE LORD of HOSTS proclaim:
Praiſe Him in the ſacred Dance,
Harmony's full Concert raiſe,
Let the Virgin-Choir advance,
And move, but to his Praiſe.

3 Celebrate th'Eternal GOD
With Harp and Pſaltery,
Timbrels ſoft, and Cymbals loud
In his high Praiſe agree:
Praiſe Him every tuneful String,
All the Reach of heavenly Art,
All the Powers of Muſic bring;
The Muſic of the Heart.

4 Him, in whom they move, and live,
Let every Creature ſing,
Glory to their Maker give,
And Homage to their King:
Hallow'd be his Name beneath,
As in Heaven on Earth ador'd,
Praiſe the LORD in every Breath;
Let all Things praiſe the LORD!

Hymn to GOD *the* FATHER.

1 HAIL, FATHER, whoſe creating Call
Unnumbred Worlds attend,
JEHOVAH, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend.

2 In Light unſearchable, inthron'd,
Which Angels dimly ſee;

The

The Fountain of the GODHEAD own'd,
And Foremoſt of the Three.

3 From Thee thro' an Eternal Now,
The SON thine Offſpring flow'd;
An Everlaſting FATHER Thou,
As Everlaſting GOD.

4 Nor quite diſplay'd to Worlds above,
Nor quite on Earth conceal'd;
By wond'rous, unexhauſted Love
To mortal Man reveal'd.

5 Supreme and All-ſufficient GOD,
When Nature ſhall expire,
And Worlds created by thy Nod
Shall periſh by thy Fire.

6 Thy Name JEHOVAH be ador'd,
By Creatures without End,
Whom none but thy eſſential Word
And Spirit comprehend.

Hymn to GOD *the* SON.

1 HAIL, GOD the SON, in Glory crown'd
E'er Time began to be,
Thron'd with thy Sire thro' half the Round
Of wide Eternity!

2 Let Heaven and Earth's ſtupendous Frame
Diſplay their Author's Pow'r,
And each exalted Seraph Flame,
Creator, Thee adore!

3 Thy wondrous Love the GODHEAD ſhew'd
Contracted to a Span,
The co-eternal SON of GOD,
The mortal Son of Man.

4 To ſave Mankind from loſt Eſtate,
Behold his Life-blood ſtream;
Hail, LORD! Almighty to create!
Almighty to redeem!

5 The Mediator's God-like Sway,
His Church beneath ſuſtains;
Till Nature ſhall her Judge ſurvey,
The KING MESSIAH reigns.

6 Hail, with eſſential Glory crown'd,
When Time ſhall ceaſe to be,
Thron'd with thy Father thro' the Round
Of whole Eternity!

Hymn to GOD *the* HOLY GHOST.

1 HAIL, HOLY GHOST, JEHOVAH, Third
In Order of the Three;
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all Eternity.

2 Thy Spirit brooding o'er th'Abyſs
Of formleſs Waters lay;
Spoke into Order all that is,
And Darkneſs into Day.

3 In deepeſt Hell, or Heaven's Height,
Thy Preſence who can fly?
Known is the Father to thy Sight,
The Abyſs of Deity.

4 Thy Power thro' JESU's Life diſplay'd
Quite from the Virgin's Womb,
Dying, his Soul an Offering made,
And rais'd Him from the Tomb.

5 GOD's Image which our Sins deſtroy,
Thy Grace reſtores below:
And Truth and Holineſs and Joy,
From Thee, their Fountain, flow.

6 Hail HOLY GHOST, JEHOVAH, Third
In Order of the Three,
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all Eternity!

Hymn

Hymn to the TRINITY.

1 HAIL, holy, holy, holy LORD!
Be endleſs Praiſe to Thee!
Supreme, eſſential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

2 Inthron'd in everlaſting State,
E'er Time its Round began,
Who join'd in Council to create
The Dignity of Man.

3 To whom *Iſaiah*'s Viſion ſhew'd,
The Seraphs veil their Wings,
While Thee, JEHOVAH, LORD and GOD,
Th' Angelic Army ſings.

4 To Thee by myſtic Powers on high
Were humble Praiſes given,
When *John* beheld with favour'd Eye
Th' Inhabitants of Heaven.

4 All that the Name of Creature owns
To Thee in Hymns aſpire;
May we as Angels on our Thrones
For ever join the Choir!

6 Hail, holy, holy, holy LORD!
Be endleſs Praiſe to Thee;
Supreme, eſſential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

Another.

1 LET GOD the FATHER live
For ever on our Tongues;
Sinners from his free Love derive
The Ground of all their Songs.

2 Ye Saints, employ your Breath
In Honour of the SON,
Who bought your Souls from Hell and Death,
By offering up his own.

3 Give to the Spirit Praiſe
Of an immortal Strain,
Whoſe Light, and Power, and Grace conveys
Salvation down to Men.

4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd Sin;
O may the Blood and Water bear
The ſame Record within.

5 To the great One and Three
That ſeal'd the Grace in Heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal Glory giv'n.

Another.

1 BLEST be the Father and his Love,
To whoſe celeſtial Source we owe
Rivers of endleſs Joy above
And Rills of Comfort here below.

2 Glory to Thee, Great Son of God;
Forth from thy wounded Body rolls
A precious Stream of vital Blood,
Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

3 We give the ſacred Spirit Praiſe,
Who in our Hearts of Sin and Woe
Makes living Springs of Grace ariſe,
And into boundleſs Glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore;
That Sea of Life, and Love unknown,
Without a Bottom or a Shore.

The Divine Perfections.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His Throne is built on high;
The Garments he aſſumes
Are Light and Majeſty.

His Glories ſhine with Beams ſo bright,
No mortal Eye can bear the Sight.

2 The Thunders of his Hand
Keep the wide World in awe;
His Wrath and Juſtice ſtand
To guard his holy Law;
And where his Love reſolves to bleſs,
His Truth confirms and ſeal the Grace.

3 Thro' all his mighty Works
Amazing Wiſdom ſhines;
Confounds the Powers of Hell,
And breaks their dark Deſigns.
Strong is his Arm, and ſhall fulfil
His great Decrees and ſovereign Will.

4 And can this ſov'reign King
Of Glory condeſcend,
And will He write his Name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his Name, I love his Word,
Join all my Powers to praiſe the LORD!

Univerſal Praiſe.

1 HARK, dull Soul, how every Thing
Strives t' adore our bounteous King!
Each a double Tribute pays;
Sings its Part, and then obeys.

2 Nature's ſprightlieſt, ſweeteſt Choir,
Him with chearful Notes admire;
Every Day they chaunt their Lauds,
While the Grove their Song applauds.

3 Tho' their Voices lower be,
Streams too have their Melody;
Night and Day they warbling run,
Never pauſe, but ſtill ſing on.

4 All the Flow'rs that paint the Spring
Hither their ſtill Muſick bring;

If Heaven bleſs them, thankful they
Smell more ſweet, and look more gay.

5 Wake for Shame, my ſluggiſh Heart,
Wake, and gladly ſing thy Part;
Learn of Birds, and Springs, and Flowers,
How t' employ thy Nobler Powers.

6 Call whole Nature to thy Aid,
Since 'twas He whole Nature made;
Join in one eternal Song,
Who to one GOD all belong.

7 Live for ever, glorious LORD,
Live, by all thy Works ador'd,
One in Three, and Three in One,
All Things bow to Thee alone.

Sun, Moon and Stars, Praiſe ye the LORD.

1 REGENT of all the Worlds above,
Thou Sun, whoſe Rays adorn our Sphere,
And with unwearied Swiftneſs move
To form the Circle of the Year:

2 Praiſe the Creator of the Skies,
Who decks thy Orb with borrow'd Rays;
Or may the Sun forget to riſe,
When he forgets his Maker's Praiſe.

3 Thou reigning Beauty of the Night,
Fair Queen of Silence, ſilver Moon,
Whoſe paler Fires and Female Light
Are ſofter Rivals of the Noon:

4 Ariſe, and to that ſovereign Power,
Waxing and waining Honours pay;
Who bad thee rule the duſky Hours,
And half ſupply the abſent Day.

5 Ye glittering Stars, that gild the Skies,
When Darkneſs has her Curtain drawn,
That keep the Watch with wakeful Eyes,
When Buſineſs, Cares, and Day are gone:

6 Proclaim the Glories of your LORD,
Diſpers'd thro' all the heav'nly Street,
Whoſe boundleſs Treaſures can afford
So rich a Pavement for his Feet.

7 Thou Heav'n of Heav'ns, ſupremely bright,
Fair Palace of the Court divine,
Where with inimitable Light
The GODHEAD condeſcends to ſhine:

8 Praiſe thou the great Inhabitant,
Who ſcatters lovely Beams of Grace
On every Angel, every Saint,
Nor veils the Luſtre of his Face.

9 O GOD of Glory, GOD of Love,
Thou art the Sun that mak'ſt our Days;
Midſt all thy wond'rous Works above
Let Earth and Duſt attempt thy Praiſe!

Song to Creating Wiſdom.

1 ETERNAL Wiſdom, Thee we praiſe,
Thee the Creation ſings;
With thy loud Name, Rocks, Hills and Seas,
And Heaven's high Palace rings.

2 Thy Hand how wide it ſpreads the Sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a Blue of heav'nly Dye,
And ſtar'd with ſparkling Gold.

3 There Thou haſt bid the Globes of Light
Their endleſs Circles run;
Their the pale Planet rules the Night,
The Day obeys the Sun.

4 If down I turn my wond'ring Eyes,
On Clouds and Storms below,
Thoſe Under-regions of the Skys
Thy num'rous Glories ſhow.

The

5 The noiſy Winds ſtand ready there
Thy Orders to obey,
With ſounding Wings they ſweep the Air,
To make thy Chariot Way.

6 There, like a Trumpet loud and ſtrong,
Thy Thunder ſhakes our Coaſt,
While the red Lightnings wave along
The Banners of thine Hoſt.

7 On the thin Air, without a Prop
Hang fruitful Show'rs around;
At thy Command they ſink and drop
Their Fatneſs on the Ground.

8 Lo here thy wond'rous Skill arrays
The Fields in chearful Green!
A thouſand Herbs thy Art diſplays
A thouſand Flow'rs between.

9 There the rough Mountains of the Deep
Obſerve thy ſtrong Command;
Thy Breath can raiſe the Billows ſteep,
Or ſink them to the Sand.

10 Thy Glories blaze all Nature round,
And ſtrike the wond'ring Sight,
Thro' Skies, and Seas, and ſolid Ground,
With Terror and Delight.

11 Infinite Strength, and equal Skill,
Shine thro' the World abroad,
Our Souls with ſaſt Amazement fill,
And ſpeak the Builder GOD.

12 But the mild Glories of thy Grace
Our ſofter Paſſions move;
Pity divine in JESU's Face
We ſee, adore, and love!

Thankſgiving for GOD's particular Providence.

1 WHEN all the Mercies of my GOD
My riſing Soul ſurveys,
Why, my cold Heart, art thou not loſt
In Wonder, Love and Praiſe?

Thy

2 Thy Providence my Life ſuſtain'd,
And all my Wants redreſt,
While in the ſilent Womb I lay,
And hung upon the Breaſt.

3 To all my weak Complaints and Cries
Thy Mercy lent an Ear,
E'er yet my feeble Thoughts had learn'd
To form themſelves in Prayer.

4 Unnumbred Comforts on my Soul
Thy tender Care beſtow'd,
Before my Infant Heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe Comforts flow'd.

5 When in the ſlippery Paths of Youth
With heedleſs Steps I ran,
Thine Arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to Man.

6 Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils and Deaths,
It gently clear'd my Way,
And thro' the pleaſing Snares of Vice
More to be feard than they.

7 Ten thouſand thouſand precious Gifts
My daily Thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a chearful Heart
That taſtes thoſe Gifts with Joy.

8 Thro' every Period of my Life
Thy Goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after Death in diſtant Worlds
The pleaſing Theme renew.

9 Thro' all Eternity to Thee
A grateful Song I'll raiſe;
But O! Eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy Praiſe.

GOD *glorious, and Sinners ſaved.*

1 FATHER, how wide thy Glory ſhines!
How high thy Wonders riſe!
Known thro' the Earth by thouſand Signs;
By thouſand thro' the Skies.

2 Thoſe mighty Orbs proclaim thy Power,
Their Motions ſpeak thy Skill:
And on the Wings of ev'ry Hour
We read thy Patience ſtill.

3 Part of thy Name divinely ſtands
On all thy Creatures writ,
They ſhew the Labour of thy Hands,
Or Impreſs of thy Feet.

4 But when we view thy ſtrange Deſign
To ſave rebellious Worms;
Where Vengeance and Compaſſion join
In their divineſt Forms:

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a Creature gueſs
Which of the Glories brighteſt ſhone,
The Juſtice or the Grace.

6 Now the full Glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly Plains,
Bright Seraphs learn *Immanuel*'s Name,
And try their choiceſt Strains.

7 O, may I bear ſome humble Part
In that immortal Song;
Wonder and Joy ſhall tune my Heart,
And Love command my Tongue.

CHRIST *our Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, Sanctification and Redemption.*

1 BURIED in Shadows of the Night
We lie, 'till CHRIST reſtores the Light;
Wiſdom deſcends to heal the Blind,
And chaſe the Darkneſs of the Mind.

2 Our guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,
Till the atoning Blood appears;
Then we awake from deep Diſtreſs,
And ſing, The LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

3 JESUS beholds were Satan reigns,
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains,
He ſets the Priſ'ner free, and breaks
The Iron Bondage from our Necks.

4 Poor helpleſs Worms in Thee poſſeſs
Grace, Wiſdom, Pow'r, and Righteouſneſs;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole Selves, O LORD, to Thee.

The Offices of CHRIST.

1 JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wiſdom, Love and Power,
That ever Mortals knew,
That Angels ever bore;
All are too mean to ſpeak thy Worth,
Too mean to ſet Thee, *Saviour*, forth,

2 But O what gentle Terms,
What condeſcending Ways,
Doth our *Redeemer* uſe
To teach his heav'nly Grace!
Mine Eyes with Joy and Wonder ſee
What Forms of Love He bears for me.

3 Array'd in mortal Fleſh
Lo, the *Great Angel* ſtands,
And holds the Promiſes
And Pardons in his Hands:
Commiſſion'd from his Father's Throne,
To make his Grace to Mortals known.

4 Great *Prophet* of my GOD,
My Tongue ſhall bleſs thy Name,
By Thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came;
The joyful News of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell ſubdu'd, and Peace with Heav'n.

5 Be Thou my *Counſellor*,
My *Pattern* and my *Guide*;
And thro' this deſert Land
Still keep me near thy Side.
O let my Feet ne'er run aſtray,
Nor rove nor ſeek the crooked Way.

6 I love my *Shepherd*'s Voice,
His watchful Eyes ſhall keep
My wand'ring Soul among
The Thouſands of his Sheep.
He feeds his Flock, He calls their Names,
His Boſom bears the tender Lambs.

7 Jesus, my great *High Prieſt*,
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd;
My guilty Conſcience ſeeks
No Sacrifice beſide.
His pow'rful Blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the Throne.

8 O Thou Almighty Lord,
My *Conq'ror* and my *King*,
Thy Scepter and thy Sword,
Thy reigning Grace I ſing:
Thine is the Pow'r, behold I ſit
In willing Bonds before thy Feet.

9 Now let my Soul ariſe,
And tread the Tempter down,
My *Captain* leads me forth
To Conqueſt and a Crown:
March on, nor fear to win the Day,
Tho' Hell and Death obſtruct the Way.

10 Shou'd all the Hoſts of Death,
And Pow'rs of Hell unknown,
Put their moſt dreadful Forms
Of Rage and Miſchief on;
I ſhall be ſafe, for Christ diſplays
Superior Pow'r, and guardian Grace.

Triumph over Death.

1 AND muſt this Body die?
This well-wrought Frame decay?
And muſt theſe active Limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the Clay?

Cor-

2 Corruption, Earth and Worms
Shall but refine this Fleſh,
Till my triumphant Spirit comes,
To put it on afreſh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the Skies
Looks down, and watches all my Duſt,
Till He ſhall bid it riſe.

4 Array'd in glorious Grace
Shall theſe vile Bodies ſhine,
And every Shape, and every Face
Be heav'nly and divine.

5 Theſe lively Hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying Love:
O may we bleſs thy Grace below,
And ſing thy Power above.

6 Saviour, accept the Praiſe
Of theſe our humble Songs,
Till Tunes of nobler Sound we raiſe
With our immortal Tongues.

Heaven begun on Earth.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your Joys be known,
Join in a Song with ſweet Accord,
While ye ſurround his Throne.

2 Let thoſe refuſe to ſing,
That never knew our God:
But Servants of the heavenly King,
May ſpeak their Joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
That all the Earth ſurveys,
That rides upon the ſtormy Sky,
And calms the roaring Seas:

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love:
Thou ſhalt ſend down thy heavenly Pow'rs,
To carry us above.

5 There we ſhall ſee thy Face,
And never, never ſin;
There from the Rivers of thy Grace,
Drink endleſs Pleaſures in.

6 Yea, and before we riſe
To that immortal State,
The Thoughts of ſuch amazing Bliſs
Shou'd conſtant Joys create.

7 The Men of Grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celeſtial Fruits on earthly Ground
From Faith and Hope may grow.

8 Then let our Songs abound,
And every Tear be dry;
We're marching thro' *Immanuel's* Ground,
To fairer Worlds on high.

CHRIST *worſhipped by all Creatures.*

1 COME let us join our chearful Songs
With Angels round the Throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their Tongues
But all their Joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our Hearts reply,
For He was ſlain for us.

3 JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r divine;
And Bleſſings, more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever Thine.

4 The whole Creation join in one
To bleſs the ſacred Name
Of Him that ſits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

GOD, *our Light in Darkneſs.*

1 MY GOD; the Spring of all my Joys,
The Life of my Delights,

The

The Glory of my brighteſt Days,
And Comfort of my Nights;

2 In darkeſt Shades if Thou appear,
My Dawning is begun:
Thou art my Soul's bright Morning Star,
And thou my riſing Sun.

3 The op'ning Heavens around me ſhine
With Beams of ſacred Bliſs,
If Jesus ſhews his Mercy mine,
And whiſpers, "I am his."

4 My Soul would leave this heavy Clay,
At that tranſporting Word,
Run up with Joy the ſhining Way,
To ſee and praiſe my Lord.

5 Fearleſs of Hell and ghaſtly Death,
I'd break thro' every Foe:
The Wings of Love, and Arms of Faith
Would bear me Conqu'ror thro'.

Come, Lord Jesus.

1 WHEN ſhall thy lovely Face be ſeen?
When ſhall our Eyes behold our God?
What Lengths of Diſtance lye between?
And Hills of Guilt, a heavy Load!

2 Ye heav'nly Gates, looſe all your Chains,
Let the eternal Pillars bow,
Bleſt Saviour, cleave the ſtarry Plains,
And make the chryſtal Mountains flow.

3 Hark! how thy Saints unite their Cries,
And pray and wait the general Doom;
Come Thou! the Soul of all our Joys
Thou the Deſire of Nations, come!

4 Our Heart-ſtrings groan with deep Complaint,
Our Fleſh lies panting, Lord, for Thee;
And every Limb and every Joint
Stretches for Immortality.

Now

5 Now let our chearful Eyes ſurvey
The blazing Earth, and melting Hills;
And ſmile to ſee the Lightnings play,
And flaſh along before thy Wheels.

6 Hark! what a Shout of violent Joys
Joins with the mighty Trumpet's Sound!
The Angel herald ſhakes the Skies,
Awakes the Graves, and tears the Ground.

7 Ye ſlumb'ring Saints, a heav'nly Hoſt,
Stands waiting at your gaping Tombs:
Let every ſacred, ſleeping Duſt
Leap into Life, for JESUS comes.

8 JESUS the GOD of Might and Love,
New moulds our Limbs of cumb'rous Clay,
Quick as ſeraphic Flames we move,
To reign with Him in endleſs Day.

O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bleſs ye the LORD.

1 HAIL, glorious Angels, Heirs of Light,
Ye high-born Sons of Fire! [bright,
Whoſe Hearts burn chaſte, whoſe Flames ſhine
All Joy, yet all Deſire.

2 Hail holy Saints, who long in Hope
And Expectation ſat,
'Till for its King Heaven did ſet ope
Its everlaſting Gate,

3 Hail, great Apoſtles of the Lamb,
Who brought that early Ray,
Which from our Sun reflected came,
And made a glorious Day.

4 Hail, generous Martyrs, whoſe ſtrong Hearts
Bravely rejoic'd to prove,
How weak, pale Death, are all thy Darts
Compar'd to thoſe of Love.

5 Hail, bounteous Virgins, whoſe pure Love
Renounc'd all low Deſires,

Who wiſely fixt your Hearts above,
And burnt with heavenly Fires.

6 Hail, all ye happy Spirits above,
Who make that glorious Ring
About the ſparkling Throne of Love,
And there for ever ſing.

7 Great LORD, among their Crowns of Praiſe,
Accept this little Wreath,
Which while their lofty Notes they raiſe,
We humbly ſing beneath.

Solomon's Song, Chap. II. *Ver.* 1, *&c.*

BEHOLD the Roſe of *Sharon* here;
The Lilly which the Valleys bear;
Behold the Tree of Life that gives
Refreſhing Fruit and healing Leaves.

Among the Thorns as Lillies ſhine,
Among wild Goards the mantling Vine,
So in mine Eyes my Saviour proves
Amidſt a Thouſand meaner Loves.

Beneath his cooling Shade I ſit,
To ſhield me from the burning Heat;
Of heav'nly Fruit he ſpreads a Feaſt,
To feed my Eyes and pleaſe my Taſte.

O never let my LORD depart;
Lie down and reſt upon my Heart:
I charge my Sins not once to move,
Nor ſtir, nor wake, nor grieve my Love.

Ver. 8. *&c.*

1 THE Voice of my Beloved ſounds
Over the Rocks and riſing Grounds,
O'er Hills of Guilt and Seas of Grief,
He leaps, he flies to my Relief.

2 Now thro' the Veil of Fleſh I ſee
With Eyes of Love he looks at me;
Now in the Goſpel's cleareſt Glaſs,
He ſhews the Beauties of his Face.

3 Gently he draws my Heart along,
Both with his Beauties and his Tongue;
Riſe, ſaith my Lord, make haſt away,
No mortal Joys are worth thy Stay.

4 The *Jewiſh* wintry State is gone,
The Miſts are fled, the Spring comes on,
The ſacred Turtle Dove we hear,
Proclaim the new, the joyful Year.

5 Th' immortal Vine of heav'nly Root
Bloſſoms and buds and gives her Fruit;
Lo, we are come to taſte the Wine:
Our Souls rejoice and bleſs the Vine.

6 And when I hear my Jesus ſay,
"Riſe up my Love, make haſte away!"
My Heart would fain out-fly the Wind,
And leave all earthly Love behind.

Ver. 14. *&c.*

1 DEAR Lord, my thankful Heart receive
The Hope thine Invitation gives:
To Thee my joyful Lips ſhall raiſe
The Voice of Prayer, the Voice of Praiſe.

2 I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
Our Hearts, our Hopes, our Paſſions join:
Nor let a Motion or a Word,
Or Thought ariſe, to grieve my Lord.

3 Till the Day breaks, and Shadows flee,
Till the ſweet dawning Light I ſee,
Thine Eyes to me-ward ever turn,
Nor let my Soul in Darkneſs mourn.

4 Be like a Hart on Mountains green;
Leap o'er the Hills of Fear and Sin:
Nor Guilt, nor Unbelief divide
My Love, my Saviour from my Side.

Chap. III. *V.* 2. *&c.*

JESUS, thou Everlaſting King,
Accept the Tribute which we bring;

Accept thy well deſerv'd Renown,
And wear our Praiſes as thy Crown.

Let every Act of Worſhip be
Like our Eſpouſals, Lord, to Thee:
Like the bleſt Hour when from above
We firſt receiv'd thy Pledge of Love,

The Gladneſs of that happy Day,
O may it ever, ever ſtay!
Nor let our Faith forſake its Hold,
Our Hope decline, nor Love grow cold!

Each following Minute as it flies
Increaſe thy Praiſe, improve our Joys,
Till we are rais'd to ſing thy Name
At the great Supper of the Lamb.

Chap. IV. *Ver.* 1, *&c.*

KIND is the Speech of CHRIST our LORD,
Affection ſounds in every Word;
"Thou art my choſen One, he cries,
"Bound to my Heart by various Ties.

"Sweet is thy Voice, my Spouſe to me;
"I will behold no Spot in Thee."
What mighty Wonders Love performs,
That puts a Comelineſs on Worms!

Defil'd and loathſome as we are,
Thou mak'ſt us White, and call'ſt us fair!
Adorn'ſt us with thy heav'nly Dreſs,
Thy Graces and thy Righteouſneſs.

Nor Dens of Prey, nor flow'ry Plains,
Nor earthly Joys, nor earthly Pains,
Shall hold my Feet, or force my Stay,
From Thee: Come, Saviour, come away!

O may my Spirit daily riſe
On Wings of Faith above the Skies,
Till Death ſhall make my laſt Remove,
To dwell for ever with my Love.

Chap.

Chap. V. *&c.*

WHO's this, who like the Morning ſhews
When ſhe her Paths with Roſes ſtrews;
More fair than the repleniſh'd Moon,
More radiant than the Sun at Noon.
Not Armies, with their Enſigns ſpread,
So threaten with amazing Dread!

His Looks like Cedars planted on
The Brows of lofty *Lebanon:*
His Tongue the Ear with Muſic feeds,
And He in every Part exceeds:
Among ten Thouſand He appears
The Chief, and Beauty's Enſign bears.

I, my Belov'd, am only thine;
And Thou by juſt Exchange art mine.
Come, let us tread the pleaſant Fields;
Taſte we what Fruit the Country yields:
There where no Froſts our Spring deſtroy,
Shalt Thou alone my Love enjoy.

Be I, O Thou my better Part,
A Seal impreſt upon thy Heart;
Should falling Clouds with Floods conſpire,
Their Waters could not quench Love's Fire:
Nor all in Nature's Treaſury,
The Freedom of Affection buy.

O Thou that in thy Choſen liv'ſt,
And Life-infuſing Counſel giv'ſt,
To thoſe that in thy Songs rejoice,
To me addreſs thy chearful Voice.
May I thy Finger's Signet prove;
For Death is not more ſtrong than Love.

Come, my Belov'd, O come away,
Love is impatient of Delay:
Run, like a youthful Hart or Roe,
On Hills where precious Spices grow.
Love is impatient of Delay:
Come, my Belov'd, O come away.

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